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PENATI

COVER: The great accessory thing here—Ruza Creations' strapping red suède dog collar with silvery nailheads gleaming above a long grey cashmere sweaterdress. Korrigan for Jax; $120 (early Dec.). Belt: Elegant. . . . Great colour thing for a pretty face: Plum Rose Patina Eye Shadow; Clear Sienna Blushing Gel; Sunlit Sienna Ultracreme Lip Makeup—all, Ultima II by Charles Revson.

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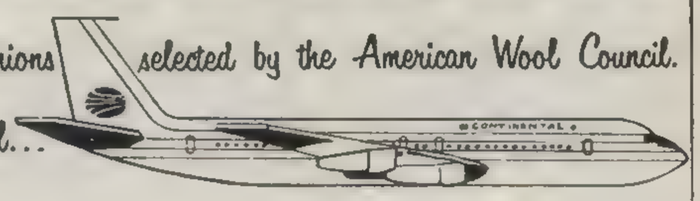
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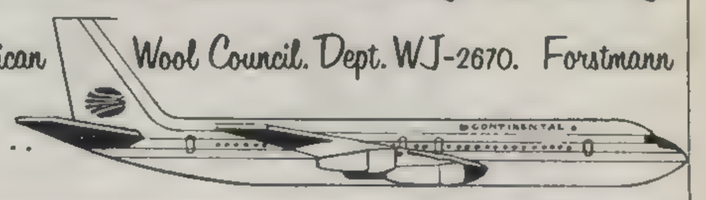
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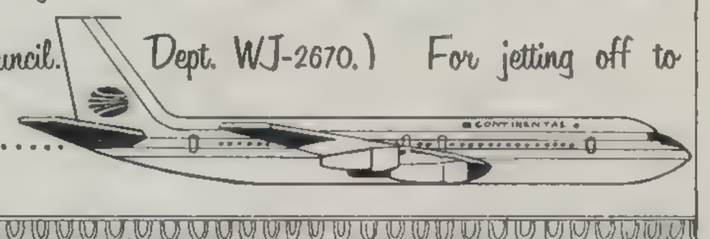
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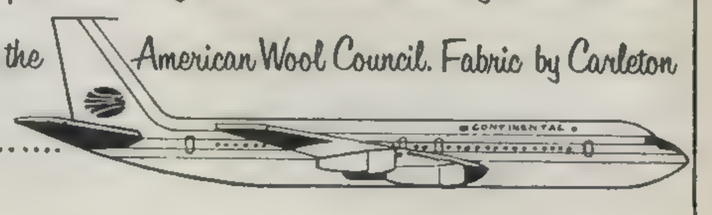
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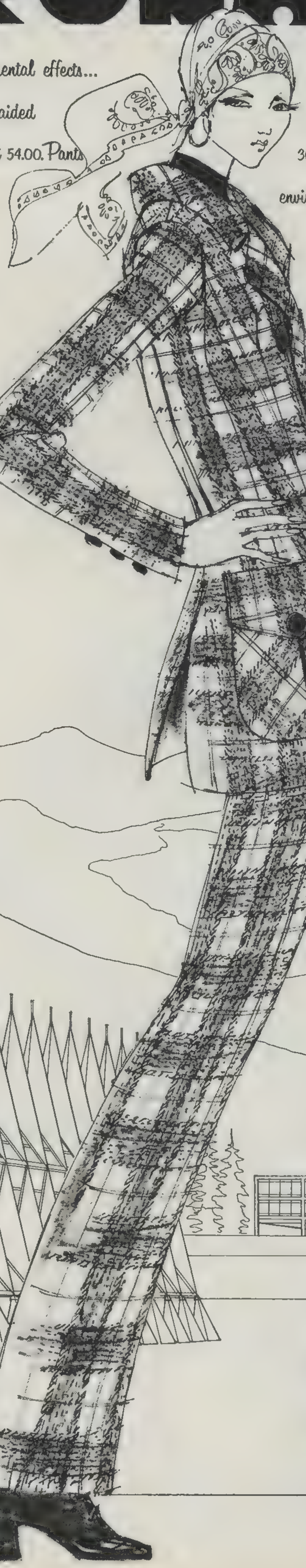
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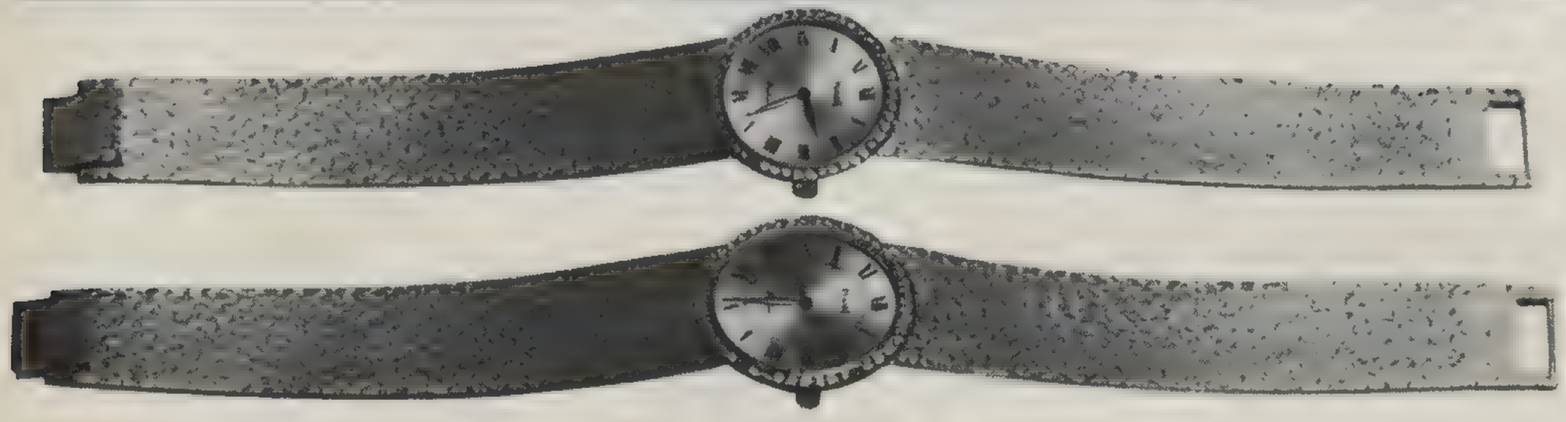
Pat Sandler verifies it with a clingy pure wool pour of high colour over a crisp cut of white pants . . . the pantsuit impeccably right for at-home dining on the most pampered beef in the West, from the Monfort Packing Company.

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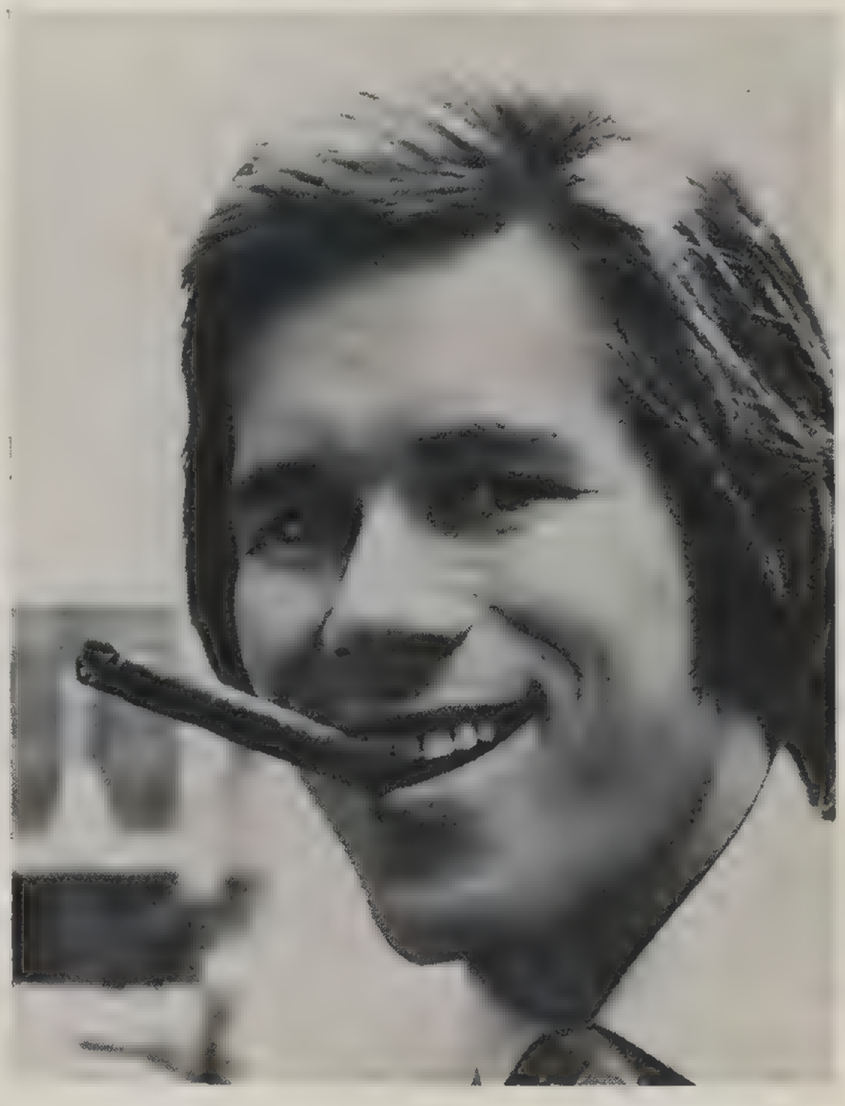
THE Brown Palace HOTEL denver

Karl W. Mehlmann, General Manager
303/825-3111
17th and Tremont • Denver, Colorado 80202

CHECKING OUT THE MEN

Presents with good scents—and good sense

Think of all those attractive men out there! Then think of all the marvellous Christmas presents just waiting to be snapped up for them! Why stand we here idle? We don't, is the answer. We propose to tackle the situation, here, now. . . . But first, to identify the attractive bloke shown *below*—his cigar jauntily aslant, his collar fashionably wide, a roguishly merry gleam in his eye. He is Tommy Nutter, a young, with-it London tailor. He's wearing an expression described by our London-watchers as "cocking a snook"—a cheery, cheeky, insouciant sort of look. Whatever it's called, it makes us want to add him to our Christmas list this minute. . . . Some of the presents that follow will go to your charmer trailing clouds of some maddening, but manly, fragrance. Some make a point of helpfulness—they soothe or heal, refresh or stimulate, cleanse or condition. Many combine a delicious scent *and* helpful qualities. All should earn you a year-long harvest of grateful thoughts. . . . Whether a man smokes cigars or not, he'll enjoy inhaling Tabac Original—a European delight with a vaguely woodsy-mossy scent, understated, irresistible. The Tabac soap and after shave have made so many converts in the U. S. that there's now a small arsenal of Tabac Original goodies. After-Shave Balm soothes and moisturizes sensitive skin; Sport Cream protects an outdoor man's epidermis from the elements; and Face Bronzer makes him look outdoorsy, even if he's been chained to a desk. Each, $4. . . . The sensitive-skin problem troubles more men than you might suppose—or than they'll admit. For men who have to shave more than once a day, it can be a real source of distress. To the rescue comes The Baron Balm and Tonic, by Evyan—a soothing, emollient helper to slather on before and after shaving; pleasantly scented with The Baron, which many men love as a cologne. $6.50. . . . Habit Rouge, a spirited, spicy scent named for a foxhunter's pink coat, is Guerlain's gift to the men, afoot or ahorse. Great in everything from soap to shaving cream, and there's one unexpected boon—Habit Rouge Capillaque, a light, efficient hair spray that keeps those longer locks in place; makes hair look healthier, livelier, too. It comes in a sporty, palm-sized red can, at $3.50. . . . In a handsome mock-alligator case, Shorell packs three quietly effective preparations that fight the signs—and causes—of aging in a man's skin after age 35. There's Cleansing Formula; After-Shave Conditioner; and—the real powerhouse—Contour/35, a nutrient-loaded cream to use at night. $17.50. . . . We never met a man under or over 35 who didn't like the scent of Braggi Cologne, by Revlon—the fresh, citrus-y top note, the warm and spicy undertones. If you're in a Lady Bountiful mood, you might give your loved one thirteen ounces of the stuff, splendidly bottled in a Baccarat crystal decanter; $60. . . . Givenchy's gala surprise box has 14.8 oz. of Monsieur de Givenchy Eau de Toilette, plus a handsome (unfilled) Scotch decanter; $30.



Making good looks last longer

(Continued on page 62)

a glitter of gifts



Our Rosegay Gown-about-town: A ravishing slither of after-hours flowers that flows close to your curves without cling or see-through. For this is slinky, bias-cut Vanilure,° our own drip-dry shape-crepe. And it's in Rosegay, the red-hot-and-new print that's springing up in everything Vanity Fair. You'll find this spectacular slitherino in sizes 32 to 38 in our Rosegay sleepwear collection. But if you wear it to a party we don't blame you. Who'd ever guess it's only about $18?

Vanity Fair Mills, Inc., 640 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y.

VANITY FAIR VF

MEN'S SHOP, STREET FLOOR

BERGDORF GOODMAN

FIFTH AVENUE AND 57TH STREET



The Braggi U-Haul-It.

Perfect for commuters on the Scarsdale-to-Switzerland run. Roomy. Groomy. Loaded with Braggi basics—the works for face, body, hair. All with the warm, smoky, distinguished scent of Braggi. Holds a weekend's worth of clothes besides. Stashes under a plane seat. Sturdy canvas in 3 flying colors: canary, khaki and cardinal. 50.00 and obviously worth a heckofalot more.

The Braggi cargo: Cologne/Pre-Blade Beard Softener/Shave Lather/After Shave Balm/Face Bronzer/Private Deodorant Spray/Cologne Deodorant Spray/Super Thick Conditioning Shampoo. **Braggi by Charles Revson.**

MADE IN U.S.A.

Twenty five and six tenths ounces of the past.



In a world that continually strives for the new, the changed, the expedient, we are pleased to present a Scotch made the way Scotch was made in another day and age. Royal Ages.

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WITH THE SENSUAL FEELING



For that special Vitabath feeling.
Available wherever the finest things are sold $3.75 to $19.75



From the Etruscan Collection—17-jewel watches for him-or-her. Goldentone metal bands with champagne color textured dial, or silvertone with silver textured dial—all with belt-buckle closings. Clockwise from right—For him: Round face, 55.00 Oval wood grain or silver-tone face, 55.00. Square face, 55.00. For her: Rectangle, 50.00. Petite oval, 45.00. Rhinestone-rimmed diamond face, lapis, jade or tiger eye enamel, 65.00. Grande oval, 60.00. The watchword now in a this-minute collection—distinguished for beauty, elegance, and precision.

Sheffield Watches, 417 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016

Pop goes the Piper!

Piper Champagne...
the most civilized drink,
in the civilized world.

PIPER-HEIDSIECK CHAMPAGNE
PIPER BRUT VINTAGE 1964
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CUVEE DES AMBASSADEURS
PIPER PINK
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We took the wonderful fragrance
of Jean Naté Friction pour le Bain and put it into
an anywhere, anyplace, Spray of Naté Bath and Body Perfume.
It's not just the gift to give, it's the gift to get. $3.75

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Greetings

of the season

Vanity Fair

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Get him going with

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Four ounces of each make a most distinguished gift. Together in a suede-finish travel case that makes the going great. 12.00 for the whole shebang.

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BERGDORF GOODMAN

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The Etruscan Collection . . . can be found at the following fine stores.

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$3.75 at fine stores everywhere.

a glitter of gifts

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THE DENVER

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AND OUR EXCLUSIVE EVE OF ROMA LUMINOUS MADEIRA LOOK FROM LIP TO FINGER TIP
(GREAT WITH SPANISH GUITARS AND CANDLELIGHT)



The Denver
COLORADO





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THE DENVER

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AND OUR EXCLUSIVE EVE OF ROMA NIGHT CREAMS AND MOISTURIZERS FOR THE NATURAL COLORADO BEAUTY



The Denver
COLORADO

Fur products labeled to show country of origin of imported furs

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THE DENVER

GOLDWORM'S ITALIAN
WOOL KNIT PANTSUIT FOR
MILE-HIGH LIFESTYLE

AND OUR EXCLUSIVE LATINAS
SUEDE BOOT TO LACE AND TIE
WITH GREAT PIZAZZ
(FROM ITALY)



The Denver
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MALCOLM'S GYPSY STARR
TAKES OVER
GALA SPOTLIGHTS

AND GERMAINE MONTEIL'S
NEW REGIME
BEGINS A WHOLE NEW OUTLOOK FOR
COLORADO BEAUTIES



The Denver
COLORADO

NEWSMAKERS:

THE DENVER

AND FIELDCREST'S COLLECTION
OF BED AND BATH COUTURE DESIGNED BY
PIERRE CARDIN
AND YVES ST. LAURENT



(Found nowhere else in Colorado and proof positive our fashion rubs off!)

The Denver
COLORADO

THE ONLY THING UGLY ABOUT AN ALASKA FUR SEAL COAT IS THE RUMOR GOING AROUND ABOUT IT.

A rumor can mislead a great many people. It can also confuse a great many people. And anger a great many people.

That's why we wish to clear it up.

The truth is: Alaska fur seal coats, like the one you see here, are never made from baby seals. Nor, for that matter, are any Alaska fur seal products made from baby seals. Nor is our government guilty of killing baby seals.

What is also fact is that, under a four-nation treaty dating back to 1911, the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service takes a limited number of surplus seals every year. (Approximately 3% of the total herd, and primarily 3 and 4-year-old bachelor males — never pups or babies.)

If in any given year there is no surplus, no seals are taken, as required by the treaty.

It is an outstanding conservation program, and one that has succeeded in saving the fur seal from extinction.

In only sixty years, the fur seal herd has grown from less than 150,000 to almost 1½ million, the maximum number the breeding grounds can sustain.



Kitovi® processed Alaska fur seal, chinchilla trim.

If the seal herd is not kept at this optimum number by the seal harvests, there would be more disease, starvation and natural deaths to the herd.

And it is a biological fact that nature does not discriminate when correcting an imbalance — the youngest seals would suffer the greatest consequences.

In defense of the method used, biologists, veterinarians and humanitarians have witnessed the seal harvests. And the general consensus is that they are handled in the most humane way possible.

However, alternate methods will continue to be studied and tested by the above groups.

So you see, it is not all as cruel, ugly and inhumane as you may have been told.

And if you're one of the people who protest this program, and Alaska fur seal coats, maybe you should consider the alternatives.

For if the Alaska fur seal program were ever destroyed, it would also mean the end of the treaty.

And then any country in the world could take as many fur seals as they wanted whenever they wanted.

That is also fact. A fact we don't think the Alaska fur seal could survive.

THE FOUKE COMPANY
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with yourself.
Freedom is feeling good
in what you wear.
Freedom is open thinking on bras.
Freedom Front™ is a flexible opening
in your bra.
It lets you breathe.
And move. And be.
It helps each bra cup adjust
to you (that unique you).
So there's no tightness,
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Freedom Front™ is
a bra design by Olga.
In naturally soft,
shell and underwired cups.
This one is 5.50,
others to 9.50.
Feel free now to lose the bras
that bind you.



behind every OLGA* there really is an Olga

For store nearest you, write Olga, Dept. V11, 7900 Haskell Avenue, Van Nuys, California 91409.

Turn the PAGE for GOOD GOOD NEWS about DECEMBER VOGUE





Three piece pants costume of 100% pure wool doubleknit, made in Italy. Menswear stripe blazer jacket in navy/white with red short sleeve pullover and black/white with yellow pullover. Both with white pants. Sizes 6 to 16. About $130*. Arbé Imports, 498 Seventh Avenue, New York.

Available at these
WM. M. VAN BUREN
stores

Albany, Ga.	Rosenberg Bros.
Albany, N.Y.	Flah's of Albany
Alexandria, La.	Weiss & Goldring
Ardmore Okla.	Daube Co.
Ashland, Ky.	Delmar
Ashland, Ky.	Mark-Matthews
Atlanta, Ga.	Regenstein's
Augusta, Ga.	Cullum's
Austin, Texas	Marie Antoinette
Binghamton, N.Y.	Drazen's
Birmingham, Ala.	Burger-Phillips
Boise, Idaho	The Mode
Burlington, Iowa	J. S. Schramm
Cedar Rapids, Iowa	Armstrong's
Charlotte N.C.	Coplon's
Cincinnati, Ohio	Gidding Jenny
Columbia, S.C.	Haltiwanger's
Columbus, Ohio	Cole's
Decatur, Ill.	Carol's Individual Fashions
Glendale, Calif.	Webb's
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Hamden, Conn.	Richard Thomas
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Houston, Texas	Sakowitz
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Ironton, Ohio	Gabler's
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Jackson, Miss.	The Emporium
Jackson, Tenn.	Rosenbloom's
Jacksonville, Fla.	Furchgott's
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Knoxville, Tenn.	Hall-Brown
Longview, Texas	Riff's
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Memphis, Tenn.	Julius Lewis
Miami Fla.	Sandra Post (all stores)
Milwaukee, Wisc.	Smartwear-Emma Lange
Minneapolis, Minn.	Jackson-Graves
Nashville, Tenn.	Grace's
New Orleans, La.	Kreeger's
Oklahoma City, Okla.	Zorbis
Reading, Pa.	Jeannette Shops
Richmond, Ind.	Palais Royal
Richmond, Va.	La Vogue
Rocky Mount, N.C.	Rosenbloom-Levy
St. Petersburg, Fla.	Hubert Rutland Dept. Store
Santa Cruz, Calif.	Samuel Leask & Sons
Sarasota, Fla.	The Yankee Traveler
Savannah, Ga.	Fine's
Shreveport, La.	Palais Royal
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Chanson "Fond de Robe®" in DuPont Antron®III Nylon

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GALA CHRISTMAS ISSUE
will celebrate in colour

THE YEAR OF MATISSE
. . . paintings never before shown outside of Russia

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SOPHIA LOREN AT HOME
. . . her men, her house, her life; photographed by Snowdon

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THE SPECTACULAR HIGHLANDERS OF NEW GUINEA
. . . adorned for gods, for love, for war; a photographic essay by Irving Penn

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NIJINSKY, THE $5,440,000 WONDER HORSE
. . . great great grandson of Native Dancer

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ORCHIDS: SPECIALISTS IN SEX
. . . their lives detailed by Anthony West; photographed by Irving Penn

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DANNY KAYE COOKS CHINESE
. . . his wife, Sylvia Fine Kaye, tells how

★

ON LOCATION WITH "DEATH IN VENICE"
. . . Kathleen Tynan interviews Dirk Bogarde and crew about the life and dare of the new Visconti movie

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FASHION WHEREVER THE SUN SHINES HOT
. . . photographed in Bali's paradise of sun and sapphire skies

★★★

WATCH FOR VOGUE ON YOUR NEWSSTAND DECEMBER 1

COLORADO IS BONNE BELL COUNTRY





Colorado is a breath of sweet, fresh air. Literally.
It's where the showy columbine grow, the majestic blue spruce.
It's where thousands of miles of trout streams gush and
2,000 fishing lakes.
It's where you have more sunshiny winter days than in any
other ski country in the U.S.A.
It's where you ski from November through May. On 52 of
America's highest mountains and 1,500 peaks over 10,000 feet.
It's where the world's top skiers do their thing on a quality of
snow that is unmatched. Powder.
Naturally, Colorado is Bonne Bell Country.
Because, out there we do *our* thing best.
Protecting you.
From sunglare, sunburn, driving winds, high-altitude, snow.
With skin preparations put together especially for out there.

(Above you see, to be seen in Aspen or Vail, the Bonne Bell Ski Team. That's Betsy Glenn, on the left, a star member, a terrific skier.)



Colorado is where you see
Billy Kidd. America's hero.
America's Gold Medal Winner at
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"The Kidd," now turned pro, has a
style all his own—precise, flawless,
super-daring.
A personality all his own—
charming, boyish, winning.
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Cosmetic of the U.S. Ski Team.
Billy Kidd's clothes are Liberty Bell
Ski Wear by Bonne Bell.



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High Altitude™ Creme. Maximum security against windburn and chapping on the coldest mountain top, on the coldest day.

Weatherproofer. A clear pomade with medication and moisturizer, plus an effective sunscreen to keep your nose and chin from chapping, cracking or burning.

Aprés. The cologne to stimulate your skin and leave it cool and tingling and nicely fragrant.

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Snow Tan.® Indoors or out, it'll give you a deep, rich bronzing.

Kristi. Colorless lip pomade to help prevent the chapping or cracking of your lips, of his lips.

The Official Cosmetic of the U.S. Ski Team

Bonne Bell®

Lakewood, Ohio 44107.



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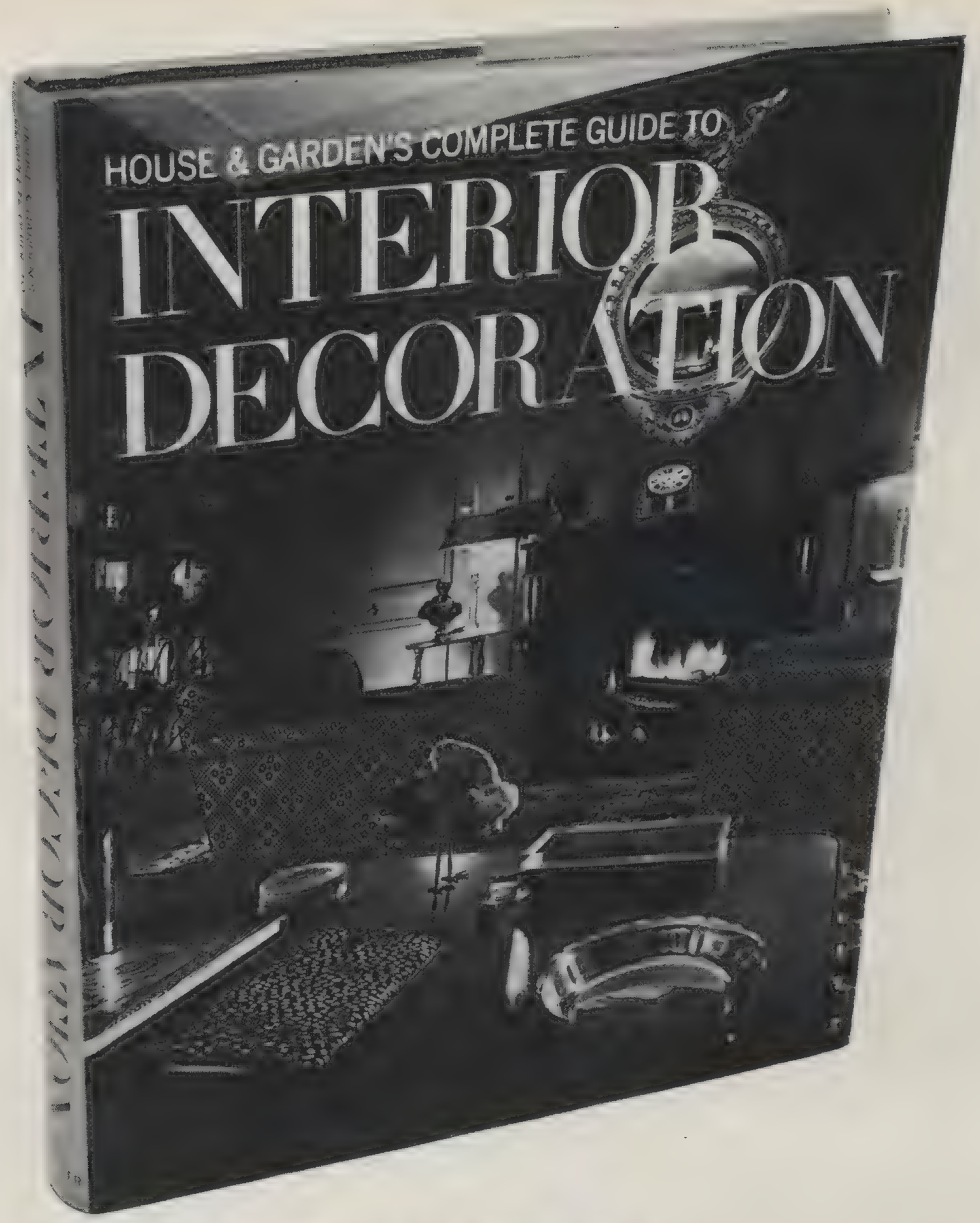
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This message of goodwill toward men is brought to you from Paris by L'Air du Temps.
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One way to warm a chilly night.

Get comfortable. Get control of things. Relax.

A Northern Electric Blanket wraps you in warmth, weightlessly. And it leaves the warmth up to you. So even if he likes a he-man, barely-warm level, you can be toasty warm thanks to dual controls.

There's a washable Northern Electric Blanket to fit any color scheme; a size to fit any bed.

Look for these famous Northern names: Riviera, Capri, Sorrento, Lido, Challenger, Supreme, and Her Majesty.

Northern Electric Company

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acrylic fiber by Monsanto

Spend $7 less on your loved ones this Christmas.



Our Sherbrooke® Handi-Tote usually costs $35. Now it's $28. Hallelujah!

Its tough but leather-soft vinyl makes it ideal for travelling, shopping, beaching or knocking about.

It has all the features women go for. Three zippered pockets. One inside and two out. A handy ticket pocket. And a lock zippered closing.

It comes in Autumn Blaze, Antique Gold, Teal Blue, Spanish Cedar and Palm Green. And for women who want a smaller tote, there's our Sherbrooke Petite Tote. It has all of the features of the bigger one. Only it usually sells for $32. And now it's $25. Hallelujah!

Offer expires December 31, 1970.

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The provocative leg.

'Tis the season to be sexy.
And when you've gone to this much trouble
to prove the point, the last thing you need are
pantyhose that cover up your legs—
one of the most seductive things about a woman.
You need pantyhose that are sheer to the eye
and silky to the touch and sexy to a fault.
In not-so-basic black, of course.
You need pantyhose made of a nylon
that fit so well there's never even a hint
of anything ugly, like a bag or a wrinkle.
You need Actionwear® pantyhose.
(Or stockings, if you'd rather).
To let what you're all about come through.

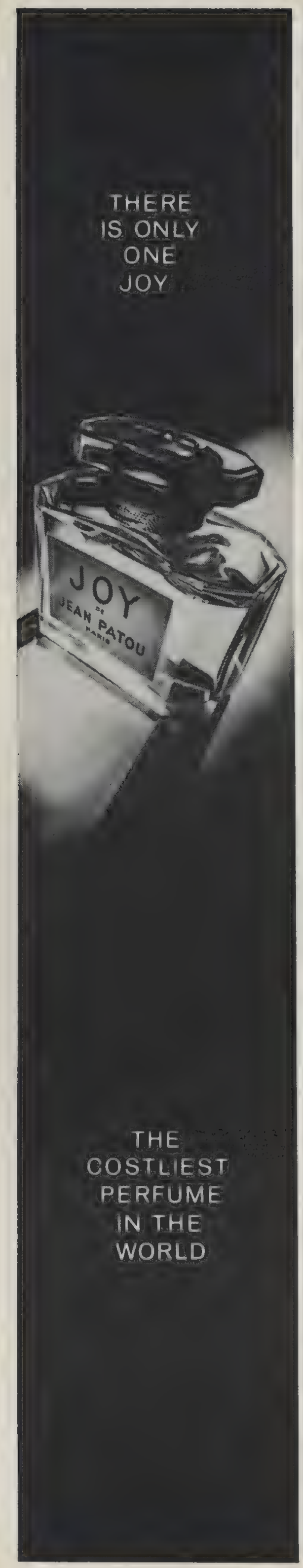
actionwear by Monsanto

actionwear®

To go with the rest of you.

they do a lot more than fit.

Dress by Oscar de la Renta



CHECKING OUT THE MEN

For his outdoor vie, a new verve

(Continued from page 30) . . . A man who likes wearing the Lacoste crocodile on his polo shirt should enjoy seeing the little creature snapping at him from the bathroom shelf—especially on a silvery aerosol can of Lacoste Eau de Sport, from Jean Patou. A fresh, grassy, outdoorsy scent, it's also enjoyable in Eau de Toilette and After-Shave, not to mention soap, shaving-cream, deodorant spray—a regular crowd of crocodiles. . . . The fresh, outdoorsy-looking young man, *below,* is Dino Martin, Jr., son of Dean Martin—a Californian born and bred, as if you hadn't guessed. A tall, sun-swept blond with blue eyes, he's a tennis player of tournament calibre, a sometimes actor, a rock musician. He goes right on our Christmas list, too. . . . And there's an exhilarating new cologne that might be just the thing. Called Hawaiian Surf, it has a tang of the sea, a tingle of breaking waves, and comes in a nifty cork cylinder that looks as if it had just washed ashore; $5.50 to $15. . . . Or how about the ever-buoyant Canoe, by Dana? A shipshape new travel set contains Shaving Foam, After Shave, and Spray Body Talc, all crisply scented with Canoe; $5.50. . . . For a man who's more turned on by racing cars than racing craft, there's Max Factor's three-piece Racer set—Cologne, After Shave, Skin Conditioner—in the dynamic GTO scent. Black-and-white checked starter's flags embellish the box. $6. . . .



Colognes with a champagne sparkle

Sparkling and dry as champagne, A Gentleman's Cologne, by Chanel, seems to have the same exhilarating effect on a man who splashes it on. Now—if he prefers—he can spray it on: there's a sleek three-ounce aerosol can, in cool grey-and-chrome, for $5. . . . In a quiet, spicy-smelling niche on a busy New York avenue, Caswell-Massey, Ltd., "America's Oldest Chemists and Perfumers," go right on mixing up—by hand—their excellent colognes and lotions. C-M's own Cologne Water comes in nine different scents, from Number 6 (the original blend) to Persian Leather and Verbena; their After-Shave Lotion in the same gamut of fragrances. Prices for both range from $4 (3 oz.) to $16 (16 oz.). . . . The Houbigant preparations for men are so handsomely packaged it's a shame to wrap them: boxes and flacons in brown-and-black hound's-tooth check with a gilt-buckled belt. And the scent, Monsieur Houbigant, is smashing—leathery, bosky, elusive. Spray Cologne (2 oz.) $5; new Spray Talc, $3.50; new After-Shave Balm, $5. . . . Want to give your man his own spa? The new

Spas and saunas—in his bathroom

Aramis Personal Spa Collection turns his mundane bath or shower into just that. A good-looking box contains soap, a vigorous webbing-plus-bristle scrubber, Friction Body Lotion, After Shave, Cool Spray Talc, Hair Wash, and Hair Groom Spray; a regular Montecatini-in-a-box, for $30. . . . Burley, a scent named after a Kentucky tobacco-leaf, is masculine, tweedy, invigorating. In a burlappy gift box, you get Cologne, After Shave, Body Talc, Stick Deodorant, and Shave Cream, all fragrant with Burley, for $9. . . . From the cool Scandinavian forests, Kanøn brings a magnificent assortment of health-and-grooming aids—twelve in all—in a smart wood-and-aluminum cabinet that can be hung up in a man's bathroom, refilled and enjoyed indefinitely. Called Kanøn Man's Kabinett, it offers everything for a sauna but the dry heat; $125. . . . And for portable luxury, it's hard to beat Fabergé's Attaché Case, in sleek green leather lined with buff suède; inside are Lotion, After-Shave Balm, Talc, and other aids to the well-groomed traveller, all scented with dry, delicious Brut: $200.

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SIMULATED DIAMOND JEWELRY



now available

This revolutionary new jewel acknowledged as the finest diamond substitute goes beyond mere imitation to capture the fiery, blue-white brilliance of the true gem. Diamonair simulated diamonds not only rival the true stone in beauty but carry a warranty offered by no other substitute. They are *guaranteed* permanently for replacement against scratching, loss of color or brilliance under normal wear.

At Fine Jewelry Counters Everywhere.

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Look for Dream Girl at these fine stores and their branches: **Chicago:** Marshall Field & Company; **New York,** Gimbel's; **Baltimore,** Hutzler's; **Denver,** May D&F; **Detroit,** Himelhoch's; **Honolulu,** Ritz Dept. Store; **Jacksonville, Fla.,** May-Cohen's; **Kansas City,** Harzfeld's; **Minneapolis-St. Paul,** Powers Dry Goods; **Nashville,** Harvey's; **Northern California,** The Emporium; **Portland, Ore.,** Meier & Frank; **Southern California,** May Co., Buffum's; **Washington, D.C.,** Hecht Co.

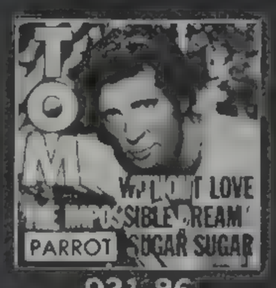
White Shoulders by Evyan.



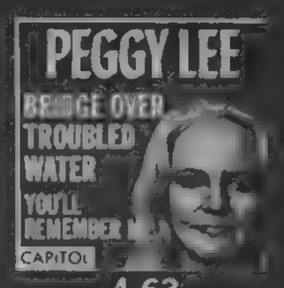


*Electronically re-channeled to simulate stereo

CHOOSE YOUR FIRST SELECTION



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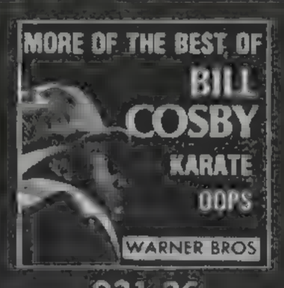
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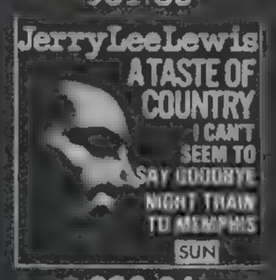
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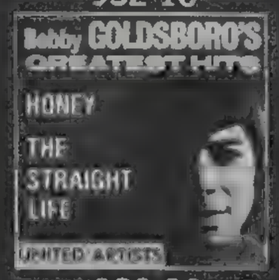
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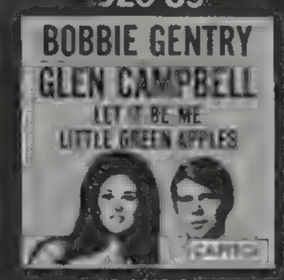
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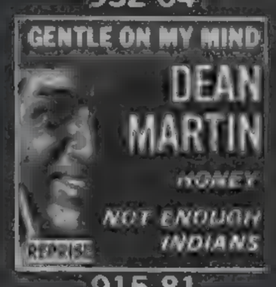
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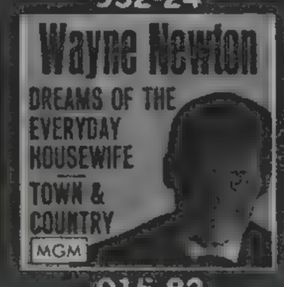
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915-82



914-44

New members of Capitol Record Club can take this superb Longines Symphonette®

STEREO PHONO

You can actually own this superb Component Stereo Phonograph for just $19.98! Engineered by the famed Longines Symphonette, this stereo phonograph features complete solid-state design . . . two full-range bass-reflex speakers . . . separate tone controls . . . diamond stylus . . . ceramic cartridge . . . wood-grain enclosures . . . plus a host of other features you'd expect only in a stereo costing up to $80! Yet it is yours for just $19.98 with new membership in Capitol Record Club. (Stereo headphones—just $4.98 additional.)

You receive FREE each month the Club's full-sized, full-color magazine, KEYNOTES. Each issue takes you inside the exciting world of records and recording stars, in addition to offering literally hundreds of top albums. If you want only the regular selection of your musical division as shown in KEYNOTES, you need do nothing —it will be shipped automatically. Or you may order any other records offered . . . or take no record at all . . . just by returning the convenient selection notice by the date specified.

Choose from over 400 records a month from all the top labels and stars. Enjoy albums by headliners like Tom Jones . . . The Lettermen . . . Engelbert Humperdinck . . . The Beatles . . . Merle Haggard . . . Glen Campbell . . . Johnny Cash . . . and hundreds more!

Immediate charge privileges! Never pay for Club purchases until after you receive and enjoy them. If every album does not meet your highest expectations simply return it for full credit. Also take advantage of special Club sales on records and electronic equipment at truly bargain prices.

Receive FREE records! Once you complete trial membership, take one record FREE (just 25¢ shipping-handling) for every one you buy. That's nearly a 50% discount for the rest of your life! Don't delay! Enjoy all these Club benefits . . . plus your own Component Stereo Phonograph for just $19.98! Fill in and mail the attached order card today!

IF ORDER CARD IS MISSING—MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

CAPITOL RECORD CLUB Stereo Phonograph Division
Thousand Oaks, California 91360

Please accept me as a member of Capitol Record Club. I've indicated my first record purchase for which you will bill me just $4.98 plus small shipping-handling charge. Also bill me just $19.98 plus shipping-handling and send my Deluxe Model Component Stereo Phonograph. During the next 12 months I agree to buy just 12 more records at regular Club price of only $4.98 plus shipping-handling (occasional special albums priced slightly higher) . . . and I may resign any time thereafter. If I continue I am to receive one record FREE (just 25¢ shipping-handling) for every additional selection I accept. All records will be shipped in stereo, also guaranteed playable on most mono phonographs. All orders subject to acceptance at Club headquarters.

☐ Check here for optional stereo headphones–just $4.98 extra.

IMPORTANT: The music I like best is(check one):

☐ Easy Listening ☐ Popular Vocalist ☐ Classical
☐ Movies & Shows ☐ Country Sound ☐ Jazz ☐ Now Sound

Send me this selection as my first purchase (write number here)

☐ Mr.
☐ Mrs. _____
☐ Miss

Address _____

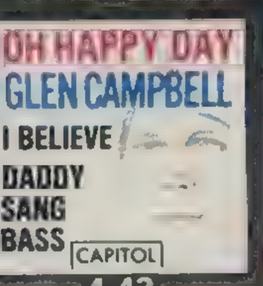
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

APO, FPO addresses, please write for additional information. GC3A GC3B

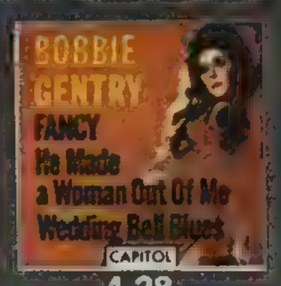
ENJOY THESE OUTSTANDING FEATURES

- Solid-state circuitry for instant-on cool performance
- Two full-range bass-reflex speakers
- Diamond stylus: ceramic cartridge
- BSR automatic record changer
- Multi-speed turntable; separate tone controls
- High-impact protective enclosures
- Sleek, transparent dust cover

FROM THESE TOP HITS!



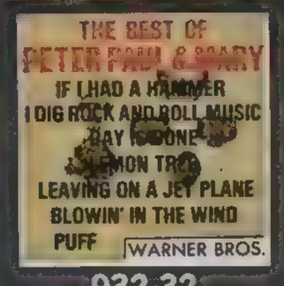
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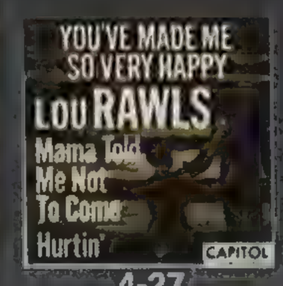
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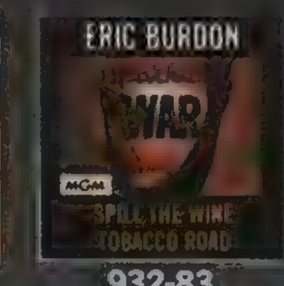
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931-96



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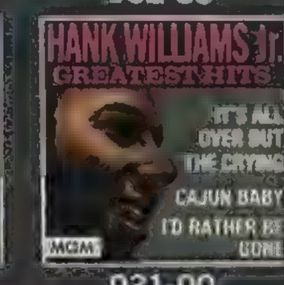
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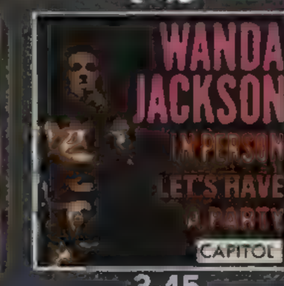
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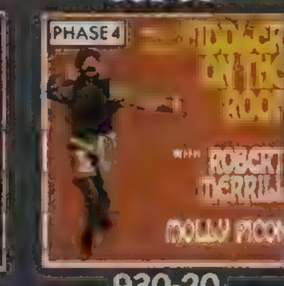
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917-72



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930-20

for only $19.98

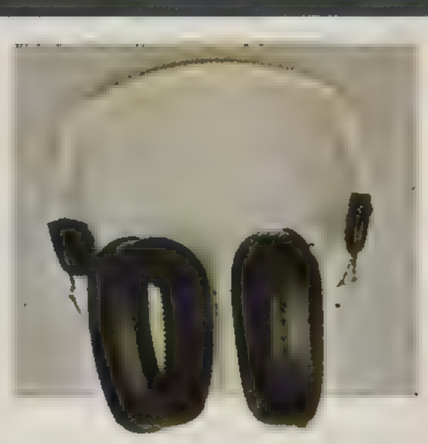
$79.98 value

When you agree to buy just one record now and as few as 12 more in the next 12 months.









SPECIAL OPTIONAL BONUS

STEREO HEADPHONES

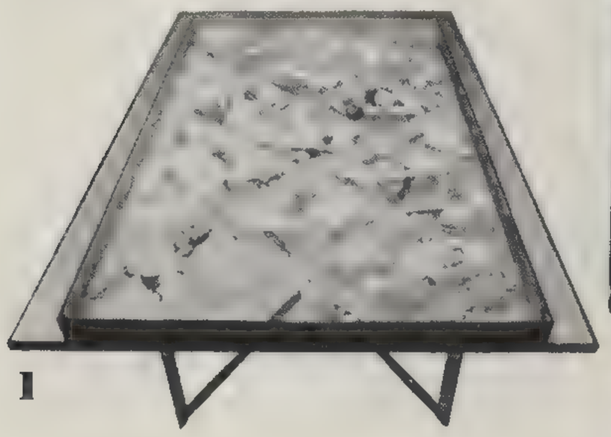
just $4.98 additional—($9.95 value)

- 8 ohm impedance.
- Smooth frequency characteristic.
- Softly padded adjustable earspeakers.
- Adaptable to any stereo headphone jack.

CHRISTMAS HOUSE

(Continued from page 81)

1. Shell collector's cocktail table: a lacy treillage of shells under glass, chrome steel frame. 24″ x 39″, $250 without shells to $650 with shells. To order, Stix, 13 Vandam St., N. Y. C.



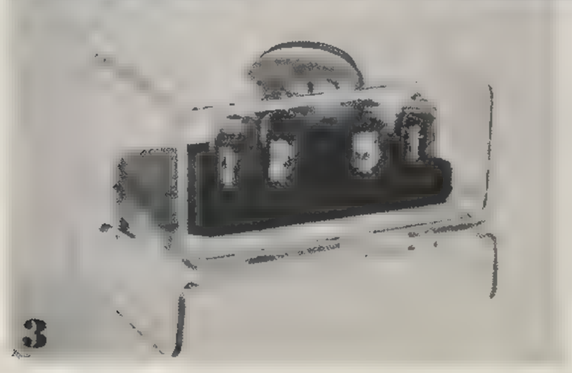
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2. Robert Breer's amusing kinetic sculpture: white plastic dome-shaped Floats, battery-operated, meander across any surface, back off from obstacles, stop at a ledge. 4″ high, 3¾″ diam., $7.95; two for $15. Museum of Modern Art, Dept. F, Box 5300, Lenox Hill Sta., N. Y. C. Setting: a delightful Botanical Zoo; sheet of no-iron percale, $6.25 for twin size, $4.50 for pillowcases. By J. P. Stevens, at Lord & Taylor.

3. Clear Plexiglas digital clock: When plugged in, a number on each electronic tube lights up in red . . . spells out the time. By Zarach of London. $200, Bonniers, 605 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.



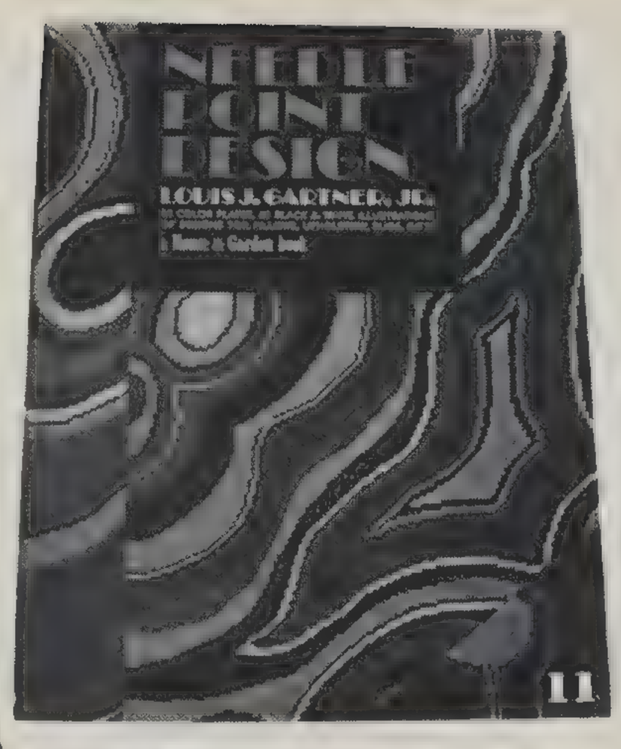
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4. No-numeral clock: Howard Miller black-faced wall clock, white frame, hands, and twelve o'clock dot. 13″ diameter, $35. At Macy's.

5. Bright cotton patchwork made by the Mountain Artisans. Quilt in red, white, and blue,



11

by markings inside each piece. Board is 12½″ x 12½″. $190. Bahar Design Group, 27951 Cabot Rd., Laguna Niguel, Calif.

10. Crocheted afghan pillows, 14″ any design, $45; Belgravia House, 227 E. 57th St., N. Y. C.



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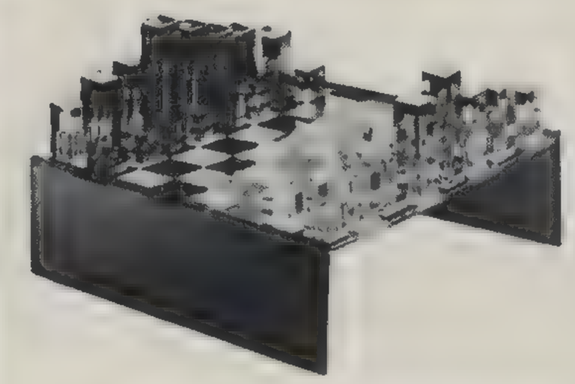
$250. Square pillows, $25. Large quilted pouff, $110. All at Bloomingdale's, N. Y. C. Mountain Artisans/Appalachia just exhibited at Rhode Island School of Design Museum of Art.

6. Circa 21 Flambeau Server: crêpes suzette pan on sterno stand, $28. Add the 10″ covered pan, $20 . . . use together as a double boiler. By Volrath at Macy's, N.Y.C.

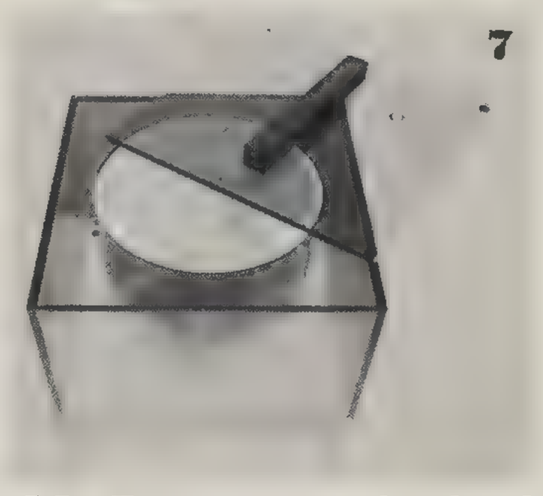
7. Bronze Plexiglas ice bucket, clear lift-out bowl. For food, put ice in cube, food in bowl. $75. By Millicent Zahn at Albrizzi, 991 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.

8. Yarn organizer: clear Plexiglas cube holds 20 yarns. Each colour feeds through its own hole. $14. By Celia Sebiri, ffolio 72—888 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.

9. Chess set in clear and smoked Plexiglas. The men are identified

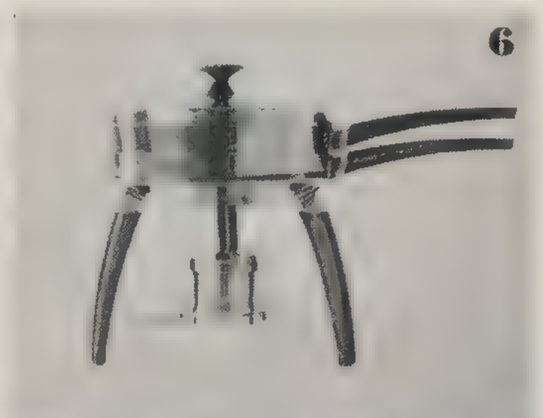


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11. Two great new handwork books. Louis Gartner's *Needlepoint Design*, sophisticated, informative, $13.95 (William Morrow). *Gloria Vanderbilt's Book of Collage*, $9.95, Van Nostrand Reinhold. It shows the author's famous works, explains making collage.



6



5



4

This stunning Tanner dress on sale at these fine stores.

Connecticut
Fairfield, Dorothy Healy
Hartford, Lucy Baltzell
Madison, Eleanor Knox
Monroe, The Unicorn Shop
New Canaan, Gladys Skillings
New Haven, Esther's
New Haven, Lucy Baltzell
West Hartford, Modern Woman
Westport, Kay Walsh
Woodbury, Jean Hutchinson

Delaware
Wilmington, The Fashion Shop

Maryland
Annapolis, Town & Country
Baltimore, Helen Dugan Boyce
Baltimore, Wm. H. Lohmeyer, Inc.
Easton, Sports & Specialties
Frederick, Connie's

Massachusetts
Beverly Farms, North Shore Designers
Cambridge, Gertrude Singer
Concord, Wool Shop
Hyannis, Miss/Mrs.
Lowell, The House of Erwin
Orleans, Beth Bishop
South Dartmouth, The Packet
Wellesley, Wool Shop
Wenham, Wenham Exchange
Worcester, Richard Healy Co.

New Hampshire
Hanover, Town & Country

New Jersey
Morristown, Anson-Newton
Princeton, Mayme Mead
Red Bank, Wilhelmina Dobbins

New York
Binghamton, McLean's Dept Stores, Inc.
Buffalo, Par Avion
Fayetteville, Ellen's of Fayetteville
Hudson, Briwa's Orchard Dress Shop
Latham, Country Miss
Lockport, Flora Hatch
Middletown, Kassel Bros.
Newburgh, Kassel Bros.
Painted Post, Mary Kirkland
Poughkeepsie, Up-to-Date
Snyder, Flora Hatch
Syracuse, Helmer's, Inc.
Troy, Lord & Tann

Pennsylvania
Allentown, Nan Carlby
Berwick, Ardis Kepner
Bethlehem, Tenwest
Bryn Mawr, Evelyn McGill
Chambersburg, The Little Shop
Chestnut Hill, Sylvia Shop
Haverford, Natalie Collett
Hollidaysburg, The Little Shop
Indiana, Brody's
Johnstown, Martin's Ready to Wear
Lahaska, Cross Country Shop
Lancaster, Emma Ingram
New Castle, Claire Brown Shoppe
Pittsburgh, De Luca Shop
Reading, C. K. Whitner Co.
Strafford, Natalie Collett
West Chester, Jane Chalfant
Wilkes-Barre, Maude Fletcher
Williamsport, Jones Specialty Shop
York, Fabric Shop

Rhode Island
Newport, Garzo

Vermont
Bennington, Vogue & Vanity
Manchester, Southwick's

Virginia
Charlottesville, Miller & Rhoads
Charlottesville, Town & Country
Lynchburg, Miller & Rhoads
Lynchburg, Smartwear-Irving Saks
Norfolk, Barber's
Richmond, Miller & Rhoads
Richmond, Thalhimer's
Richmond, Town & Country
Roanoke, Smartwear-Irving Saks

West Virginia
Charleston, Stone & Thomas
Clarksburg, Stone & Thomas
Fairmont, Bradley's
Fairmont, Jones, Inc.
Morgantown, Finn's

She didn't buy this Tanner dress for how it would look after a long ride on a hot, sultry day.



She just liked the way it looked.

But since it's made from fabric of Qiana* nylon, it does have exceptional resistance to wrinkles. And it will stay clean and fresh-looking even after a long drive on a sultry afternoon.

Still, "Qiana" does other things for this dress that are far more important than that. Gives it lustrous texture, radiant color and a feeling of extravagance and luxury that can make anybody forget whether it's wrinkle-resistant or not.

Of course, none of this tells you the one thing you'd really like to know. Which is simply where to find it.

And that's in sizes 8 to 18, for around sixty-six dollars, at Abercrombie & Fitch, N.Y.; Bullock's Wilshire, L.A.; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia; Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh; Nordstrom Best, Seattle; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.

Qiana® nylon

So luxurious you'd never suspect that it's practical.

*Du Pont registered trademark. Du Pont makes fibers, not fabrics or fashions.

DU PONT

The Braun Mini Hair Dryer.
It's little, light and sturdy.
It's powerful, thorough and fast, on long or short hair.
It's beautiful.
And, since it's so compact and easy to handle,
it styles hair too. Wherever you are.
Dual-voltage, has case, will travel.
$19.95 M.f.r.'s suggested retail price



BRAUN
For information: Braun North America, Dept. H, 235 Wyman St., Waltham, Mass. 02154



...meeker slips fashion into your clutches!

Like this gorgeous little purse slithering in a parade of shades! Leave it to Meeker to come-on strong in this, the year of the reptile with rich leather grained to look like lizard. Don't let this big one get away, bag it now! From $6.00!

See all the other great fashion catches in Meeker's lovely collection of leather accessories.

meeker *for the love of fashion!*
THE MEEKER COMPANY, JOPLIN, MISSOURI 64801
Since 1908, manufacturers of fine personal leather goods for men and women.

VOGUE'S NOTE BOOK

MRS. GILBERT MILLER'S YOUNG-UP DANCE IN LONDON



Mixing up generations lofted the dance Mrs. Gilbert Miller gave in London this season for her niece Julie Michel. In the River Room of the Savoy Hotel—backdropped with sprigged muslin and booming with two musics, rock and not—the American Mrs. Miller's great skill with her annual English party was at a young peak.


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PATRICK LICHFIELD

1. Miss Julie Michel, Mrs. Gilbert Miller, Prince Albert de Rohan. 2. Mrs. Walter Annenberg, Mr. Hardy Amies. 3. Lord Brooke, Mrs. Bluey Mavroleon. 4. Mr. Bluey Mavroleon, Mrs. Duncan Davidson. 5. Mrs. William S. Paley, Ann Lady Orr-Lewis, Mr. John Galliher. 6. Lady Weidenfeld, Mr. Peter Coats. 7. The Duke of Buccleuch, Mrs. Rodman de Heeren. 8. Mrs. Vincent Paravicini, Mr. David Metcalfe. 9. Mrs. David K. E. Bruce, Mr. Henry J. Heinz, II.



black is great...so are fuchia, green, blue, pink...

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Books

BY ELIZABETH HARDWICK

Mary, "*timeless*"

Mary (McGraw-Hill) is Vladimir Nabokov's first novel. It was written in the Russian language in 1925, nearly half a century ago. And yet it was also written yesterday, or last year, since it is a classical, timeless work. The novel (really a novella in length and form) is perfectly balanced. It is simple and romantic in outline, but the themes and even the briefest of its moments remain in our memory, filling our minds with feelings deeper than the frame of the plot might suggest.

The story is set in Berlin, in a pension run by a Russian lady, widow of a German. The characters, some six or so, are all in exile from Russia and they live unnaturally poised, almost on tiptoe, each filled with a mysterious, painful expectancy—". . . this émigré life of ours, this perpetual waiting." An old poet is waiting for death; Klara, a young typist, is waiting for love; Alfyorov, an ordinary man with a "sparse little beard and shiny, plump nose," is waiting for his wife. The story is about exile and its dreamy restlessness. In counterpoint to exile, there is a love story, also a kind of exile, another lost landscape and irretrievable history.

Ganin, the central character, an attractive man, feels the peculiar paralysis of the uprooted. He wants to leave Berlin but somehow does not quite make the move. He wants to break off from his tiresome mistress but finds it difficult to plot the parting scene. Suddenly, Ganin learns that Mary, the wife Alfyorov is expecting, is actually a girl he was in love with in his youth in Russia. Ganin slips into his fellow-lodger's room, steals a photograph of the wife, and falls into a trance of expectancy. He breaks with his mistress and spends four ecstatic days calling up memories, reliving the scenes of his love. He awaits Mary's arrival as if they were still young; as if in the recovery of his memory of her, he had also been given a reprieve from all loss, even that of Russia.

At a celebration the night before the arrival, the husband gets drunk, and in the dawn Ganin alone goes to the railway station. But, in the early morning light, the ecstasy suddenly fades forever. Ganin, released from nostalgia, from the exile's hallucinations and longing, decides instead to take a train for southwestern Germany, where he can cross the frontier—". . . and beyond it was France, Provence, and then—the sea."

In his preface, Nabokov issues the usual warning to the "Viennese delegation"—those who look for psychological secrets in his work—and says that a writer's biography is "the story of his style." *Mary* is the first root in the thick, demonic, fabulous jungle of Nabokov's talent. The style is not so lush and leafy as it will later become, and from it one could not necessarily prophesy the magician, the polemicist of etymology, or the fertility of Nabokov's long creative life. Nevertheless, this first fiction stands naturally among all the others, from the early stories to the latest, *Ada*.

Mary is lyrical and yet spare. It develops with an unpretentious clarity and purity. It is very *Russian*, even beyond the mere fact of the origin of the characters. The Russianness finally has to do with Ganin and his sudden seizure of baseless ecstasy, with a worldly and bored and hurt man transported by memory, with the waiting and sense of expectancy that were lodged in the Russian character and in its literature even before the age of exile.

VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Movies

BY ANN BIRSTEIN

The Conformist, "*a painter's eye*"

Perhaps it's a deficiency on my part, but I'm absolutely unable to see the 'thirties as either camp or quaint, which in turn perhaps makes me appreciate Bernardo Bertolucci's *The Conformist* somewhat less than I ought to. The movie is based, of course, on Alberto Moravia's famous novel about an Italian Fascist professor; but with all the lovely Jean Harlow types floating around, and men with short haircuts and wide grey fedoras standing in corners with their hands in their pockets, and long loving shots of slinky marcelled ladies doing tangos together, it's kind of hard to keep your mind on Mussolini—ironic since Bertolucci is considered one of Italy's foremost "revolutionary," "protest" directors. Still, seen as a personal rather than a political statement, as a young man's *imagined* idea of the 'thirties, of the furniture, the manners, the people of a far-off time, all very elegantly and artfully arranged, *The Conformist* has its own considerable virtues, even if they're sometimes only the charms of a child walking around in Daddy's clothes. Bertolucci's colours are particularly superb. He has a real painter's eye, and even a scene in which the professor sits in a car in snowy woods watching his mistress being shot down has a stunning, yes, almost beautiful, visual impact.

The performers are excellent, particularly Dominique Sanda as the assassinated mistress and, as always, Jean-Louis Trintignant as the professor, the one actor I know best able to impersonate intelligence. (I'm thinking, too, of *Ma Nuit Chez Maud*.) Except that in this sense Trintignant can be said to be defeated here by his own virtues, since he impersonates intelligence so well it's hard to believe in him as a conformist, as a Fascist running with the pack, and so, curiously, it's what *distinguishes* the professor that's most emphasized, that is, the fact of his latent homosexuality rather than the fact of his Fascist affiliations—which once more makes *The Conformist* a peculiarly personal movie on a supposedly political theme.

The Spider's Stratagem, "*lush*"

Again Bertolucci the director, and again the same problem; this time in an earlier film, *The Spider's Stratagem*, based on a story by Jorge Luis Borges, translated in locale from Ireland to modern Italy, and again with Fascism as a theme. The son of a famous murdered anti-Fascist hero returns to his father's village and discovers that Papa was neither a hero nor an anti-Fascist. Should he explode the myth or not? But once again, in spite of all the political discussions, and the flashbacks to 1936, and anthems played in the background, and Communist red kerchiefs tied symbolically around the necks of statues, the real story of *The Spider's Stratagem*, the only story, is the ageless apolitical one of a son seeking his father. Like *The Conformist*, this film is visually superb, perhaps too much so, lushly, almost distractingly beautiful in its treatment of the Po Valley landscape. Giulio Brogi is serious and convincing as both father and son. While Alida Valli as the murdered father's mistress comes as a kind of shock with her new thick neck and grey feathercut, she's very good in her part and manages a wonderfully cuckoo smile that suggests pure charm and sex gone demented.

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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Education

BY HENRY S. RESNIK

Can sensitivity training help teach math?

While the human-potential movement may not be quite as entrenched in the American culture as hamburgers, it has been gaining wide publicity and acceptance, and the schools are beginning to follow suit. Experiments in "affective education," which emphasizes emotional growth (in contrast to cognitive education, focusing primarily on intellectual learning), are proliferating rapidly. The Ford Foundation recently granted half a million dollars for two affective-education "centres," and many state departments of education have launched similar programs. There can be little doubt, in fact, that the affective-education movement will have a tremendous effect on the nation's schools.

It is by no means certain, however, that affective education will eventually reign in America's classrooms, for the movement's advocates are proposing radical changes. Few proponents of affective education want to dispense completely with all practical or cognitive learning (there are some who do go this far), but at times affective-oriented classrooms bear little resemblance to what most people think of as school. In many cases, of course, this is exactly what the generally youthful and rebellious boosters of affective education intend.

A social-studies teacher in a New York City junior high school abandoned the curriculum for two weeks last spring, for example, to teach a unit on psychology in which he introduced exercises he'd been learning in his encounter group. At one point he leapt from a bookshelf into his students' waiting arms (this was a demonstration of "trusting the group") while a dumbstruck assistant principal, attracted by the commotion, looked on. Less spectacular, though much more common, is the use of encounter techniques among guidance counsellors.

Often the introduction of affective principles has dictated a new kind of curriculum. In many secondary schools, Communication, Urban Affairs, and Improvisational Drama have replaced English and Social Studies. Affective education has even found its way into math and science, in the form of unstructured, discovery-oriented laboratories. The actual use of the Esalen Institute type of exercise is rare in these classes, but they are founded on a commitment to openness, informality, and spontaneity. Some admirers of the human-potential movement consider experiments within the traditional school a poor compromise, and a number of independent affective-oriented schools have sprung up in which the principles of the movement are a guiding philosophy for the school as a whole.

To some extent, changes now happening in the classroom are a direct result of a wave of T-groups and sensitivity training that swept through school administrative ranks several years ago. In the more progressive school systems, encounter groups and sensitivity training for staff members are commonplace.

There have already been controversies about affective education and sensitivity training in several suburban school systems, and probably the main reason the issue hasn't generated as much heat as sex education is that the affective movement is proceeding with a caution verging on terror. As one of its leaders said, "You can't argue the need for sex education, but this is much more like religion."

VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Sports

BY PETE AXTHELM

Basketball's double threat

One athlete is thirty-one years old, a star of the last generation of professional basketball players, but still hungering for his first championship. The other is just twenty-four, but in only one season in the National Basketball Association he has indicated that he can dominate the next generation. And now both men, Oscar Robertson and Lew Alcindor, are on the same team. Any club would be happy to have either; free-spending owner Wesley D. Pavalon of the Milwaukee Bucks has them both—and no pairing has ever threatened to exert quite as much influence on the sport.

Yet Robertson and Alcindor pose more than a threat. They present a question. Pro basketball is a delicately balanced team exercise. Teams loaded with brilliant individuals but lacking cohesion can flounder for years; the Detroit Pistons are an example. But a team that sacrifices individuality for a flowing, alert attack and a hustling defense can become much more than the sum of its parts. Led by the magnificent leader and team player Bill Russell, the Boston Celtics achieved that kind of balance and won eleven titles in thirteen years. Last year the New York Knickerbockers took the team concept even further; without a defensive superstar of Russell's calibre, they managed to produce perhaps the most balanced overall effort in NBA history as they rushed toward the championship. Now the Knicks' brief reign is endangered, and basketball people know that the future hinges on whether Robertson and Alcindor will remain two great individuals—or mesh into a smoothly functioning unit capable of beating the Knicks.

Robertson is the more perplexing half of the puzzle. After ten years in the league, he has provoked some thought that his marvellous skills may have begun to fade. And last season in Cincinnati, his refusal to adapt to the system of new coach Bob Cousy led not only to his trade from the Royals but also to suspicions about his willingness to be a complete team player. But Cousy wanted the game's best playmaker and shooter to run and give up the ball more; the Bucks, who desperately need a back-court "quarterback," will want Robertson to make plays and shoot. So Oscar may respond with one of his finest seasons.

The question about Alcindor should be more easily answered. In a three-year college career at the University of California at Los Angeles and a single season with the Bucks, the seven-foot-two-inch center has shown an ability to fit into almost any mould. If necessary, he can score forty or fifty points; more often, he is willing to feed the ball to open teammates and concentrate on intimidating opponents with aggressive defense. Predictably, Lew has aroused his share of enemies, from right-wing sportswriters, who resent his allegiance to Black Power, to fans around the league who are understandably fearful that he may someday reduce the rest of the team to battling for second money. But he has reacted with dignity to attacks from columnists and taunts from fans, impressing everyone close to him with his poise and intelligence. Robertson's presence will make new demands on Lew and expose him to constant critical scrutiny. But it seems a safe prediction that if it's up to Alcindor, the Bucks will develop a teamwork worthy of the Knicks' best performances—and within a few years, Lew will stand as high in basketball as Bill Russell once did.

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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Travel

BY MARY ROBLEE HENRY

Colorado, "a gigantic plaything"

Boxed in green peaks, ribboned in streams, all wrapped up under a wide blue sky, Colorado seems a gigantic plaything for some people every day of the year. In spring, river rapids boil for white-water racing and kayak riding, and streams and lakes ripple with trout. Summer campers tent in four hundred campsites spread over thirteen million spectacular acres. Fall brings out the hunters and hounds for bird shooting and tracking big game. From Thanksgiving until May, dry powder snow dusts the slopes of thirty Rockies' ski villages laced with lifts, pulls, and runs. In Colorado, the action goes on nonstop.

DENVER, the capital with its glassy airport, stands on a vast plain a mile high in light-headed air; and there the pivotal place for seventy-eight years has been the Brown Palace Hotel. Bullets once flew across the six tiers of iron galleries ringing the 1892 onyx-paved lobby, now spoked with places to eat. In the Palace Arms, with heraldic banners flying above red-leather banquettes, tôle lamps, and Napoleonic prints, the staff (all men) really cares about your having a chilled bottle of Pouilly Fumé with the trout at lunch, or a chambré-ed Chambertin with the tournedos at dinner, all excellent. In the Ship's Tavern, Coors, the delicious Colorado beer, froths from brass taps at the long bar, and captain's armchairs circle tables covered in red-and-white bistrot checks for lunch, dinner, and for late, late food. Advanced bookers at the Brown Palace find in their rooms stationery printed with their names and the hotel's address.

Larimer Square is Denver's Carnaby Street with gaslight, all rescued nineteenth-century buildings freshly spruced as restaurants, night places, and boutiques that stay open late. Rich in leather, Poor Richard's has French greatcoats lined with kalgan, laced Finnish knee boots, suède pants, jerkins, and neat shoulder-bags. Paraphernalia is mod. Image West veers toward fringed jackets, jeans, tooled boots, and Indian beads. Hungry shoppers may choose from a flock of restaurants. The top place is Café Promenade, revolving around two dining rooms and, in summer, a courtyard of parasoled tables: The chef is Austrian, the captain Italian, and the staff international university students. Late strollers might nightcap at Your Father's Mustache, a banjo joint open until two in the morning that shows jumpy silent filmstrips of Tarzan and Buster Keaton.

ASPEN, an hour's air hop from Denver, is unique, flexing muscle and mind, with the summer emphasis on the music festival, the film festival, the conferences and lectures at the Aspen Institute for Humanistic Studies, and with the splendour of outdoor life all year. Indoor life revolves mostly around feasting and sleeping, for which Aspen has a super stock of places. Torches flare outside the Golden Horn, a downstairs restaurant, candlelit and dark-beamed, where the Austrian owners, Trudi and Hubert Erhard, rank good Italian scampi in white wine and calves' liver Veneziano with Wiener schnitzel. A young Britisher at the bar, Anthony Vissian, knows about good French wines and such apéritifs as Kir and Negroni. Book ahead for dinner. The Copper Kettle, with a worldly roundup of menus and copper, serves different specialties every night. Monday, for instance, is Latin, with bullfighters' beef and Mexican rice. The Wiener Stube, with a sun-warmed terrace and girls in dirndls, does the kinds of breakfasts that stoke stamina for the slopes. For reviving Western beef, The Steak Pit concentrates on charcoal-flamed hamburgers, sirloin and tenderloin steaks. For after-ski, the Tippler Inn is good for hot grog.

Apartments with kitchens are rentable by the day, week, or month. At The Aspen Alps, a condominium folded into Aspen Mountain, the apartments have balconies, maid service, and the use of a heated rock-bound pool, plus a restaurant and Health Club.

The Aspen Inn, a low-slung redwood complex sloped above Roaring Fork Valley, has studio rooms, each with a walled-off balcony tipped above a vast inner park where the pool is heated in winter, fresh in summer, and a health club majors in massage and sauna.

Hotel Jerome, a Victorian pile on Main Street where mining prospectors once stayed, is a wonder of Colorado kitsch: mahogany mirrored hat racks and brass chandeliers in the lobby; carved golden-oak bedsteads; and bentwood chairs in the dining room where every Wednesday and Sunday night there is an abundant cold buffet.

SNOWMASS, a whirl north of Aspen, gleams with wood and stone and a strip of radiant-heated highway. There, West Village is a forest of lodges and apartments, some owned, some leased for long or short vacations, summer and winter. Master-planned, the push-button pleasures include skiing from your front stoop to steep runs, swimming in ten heated pools, instant shopping, pack trips, and trout fishing, plus a *Kinderheim* (a day camp for kids) and night places for non-kids. The Leather Jug, split-level, is run by Michael Teschner, a handsome Swiss-trained restaurateur savvy about food who plans to reserve one room for young skiers, who want music, games, and one steamy cauldron dish—lentil soup, for instance.

VAIL, brushing the roof of the Rockies, north of Aspen, west of Denver, is a sun-bleached village planned for action: a summer Heidi-land for pack trippers and flycasters; a fall wilderness for wild game hunters; in winter, a snow-powdered world with the corn snow crackling under skis until late May. A gondola relay and seven double chair lifts dangle skiers up to the high runs, and this year, a new float of gondolas, each holding six passengers, glides to Eagle's Nest where there is a café for those headed for the slopes or a ski class. Other ski classes meet at Golden Peak, Mid Vail, and Lion's Head with training by a hundred top skiers, headed by the Olympic gold medalist Roger Staub.

Another former Olympic champion, Pepi Gramshammer, runs the attractive hotel Gasthof Gramshammer in the centre of town. A hangout for Vail regulars, the Austrian-atmosphere Gasthof dining room is so *gemütlich* that people staying in the seventeen rooms feel more like friends than visitors.

On the edge of Vail, the Ram's Horn Lodge, white stucco with dark wooden balconies and shutters, has nineteen rooms, some with a pair of double beds, a few planned as studios with kitchenettes. Food is served every morning in the library from a kaffeeklatsch bar for that breakfast known as continental.

Vail is short on snack bars, long on restaurants. The St. Moritz has such good food that one should call a day before for a table. At La Cave, the wine cellar matches the food, the European captain having a special way with crêpes suzette. The Red Lion Inn stays with American specialties, in big helpings.

If Vail is well-launched after its six-year shakedown cruise, BRECKENRIDGE, just eighty-five miles west of Denver, is about to steam off. This year, ground will be broken for an enormous new roundup called the Four Seasons Village, with the ski reins in the hands of the French champion Jean-Claude Killy, who finds this patch of Colorado like the French Alps.

People are always taking off from COLORADO SPRINGS, south of Denver, where flying is the thing, in small private planes, in gliders. At the Black Forest Glider (Continued on page 179)

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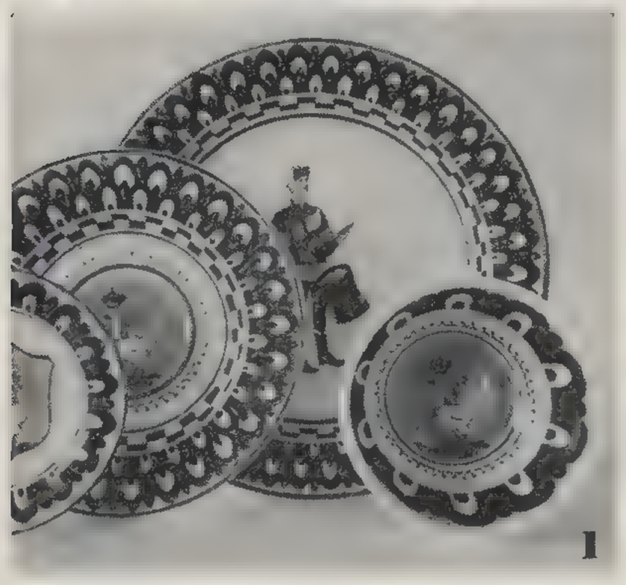
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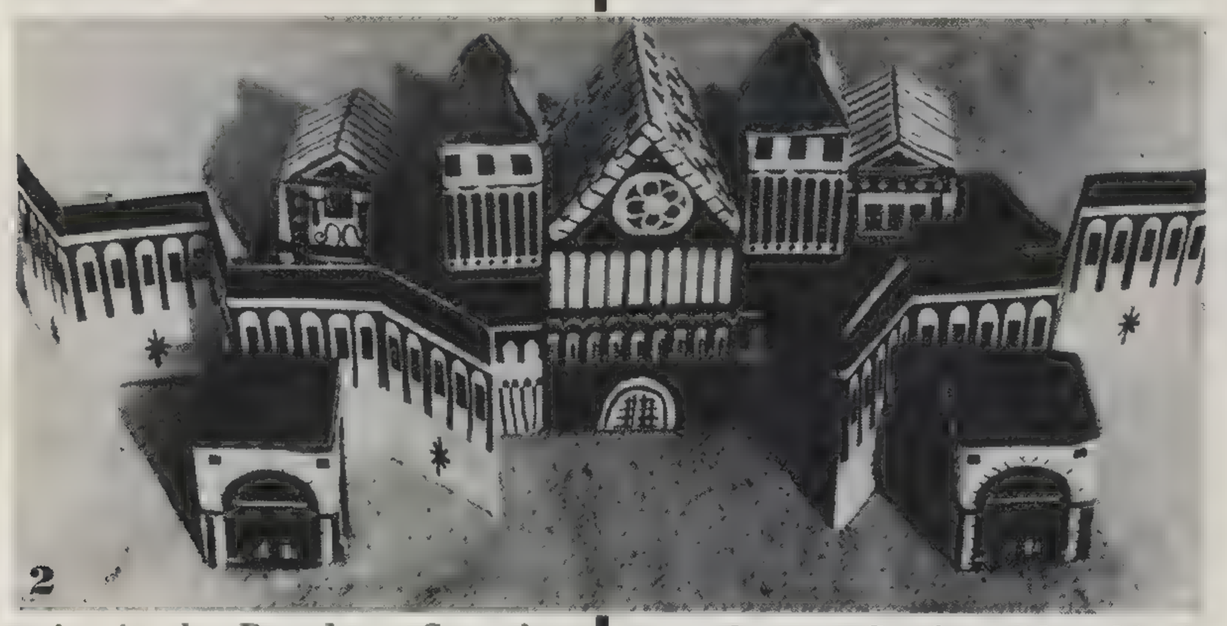
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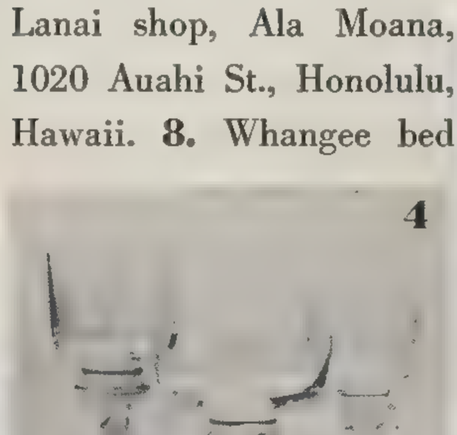
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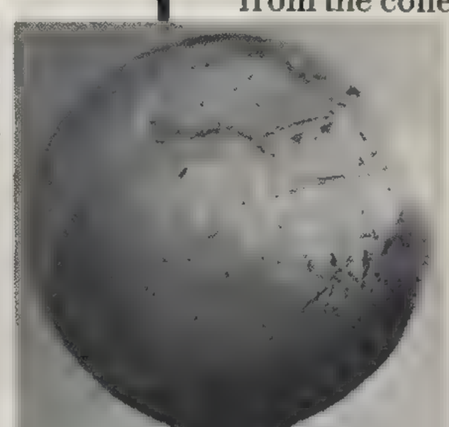
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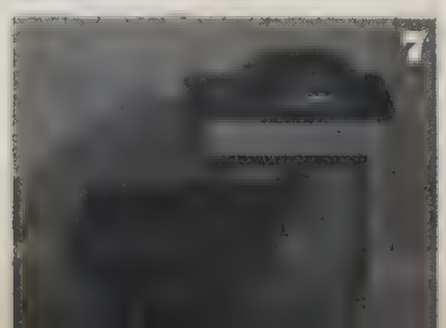
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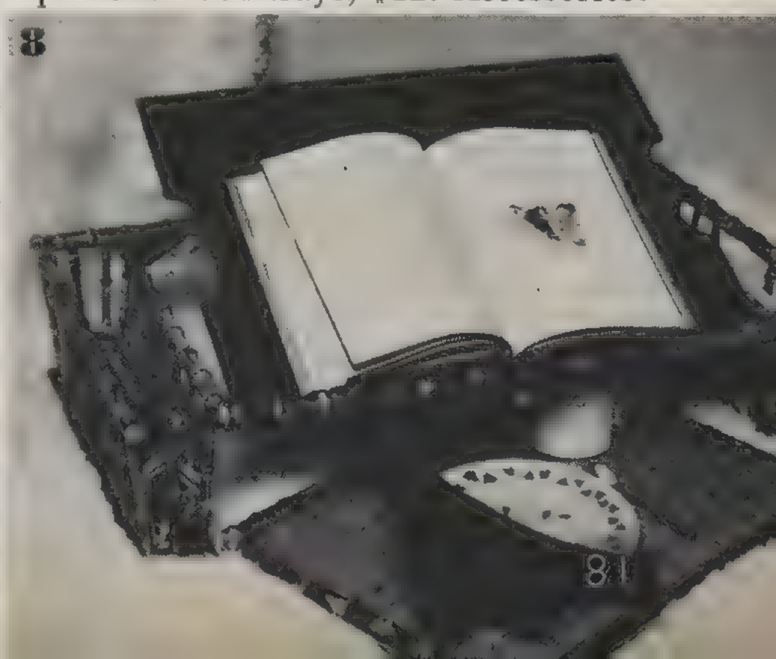
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HOROSCOPE

November 15 through November 30

ARIES, March 21–April 20. These two weeks, cultivate a new associate. Your ruler, Mars, in Libra stimulates opportunities initiated by others; there should be a significant proposal on the 18th. Jupiter in Scorpio, your eighth house (monies of others), means the affluent are attracted to you. Mars opposite your own sign suggests that others will seek your services. This is a switch, since you usually start the action. Accept reasonable offers on the 19th and 20th. Examine messages well from the 26th to the 30th. Mercury in Sagitarius (harmonious to you) gives information at the new moon (28th) so exciting that you will be celebrating on the 30th.

TAURUS, April 21–May 20. *Your ruler, Venus, has fortunate Jupiter for a companion for the rest of the month. Jupiter, the planet of opportunities and luck, glamourizes any undertaking you may choose to launch. You will be at a peak of sound judgment in your selection, since Saturn (plans) is in your birth sign supporting the project with clear facts. The 18th and 19th are best to examine the potentials. On the morning of the 20th, resolve and act on your decision. Venus (your ruler) then slows down and stops on the 23rd for the rest of the month; you should stop spending or investing then, for your ruler's benefit is weakened. Instead, expand on what you have already initiated.*

GEMINI, May 21–June 21. An unusual pairing of your ruler, Mercury, with imaginative Neptune in Sagittarius will stir many idealistic ideas in you. Make notes on these thoughts as they come along, not allowing one to slip away—you can sort them out later. On the 21st, when your ruler and Uranus (the new) are in the same degree, you choose the idea to develop with the help of a surprise message. Move steadily until the 26th, when Jupiter, bringing more luck, assures your follow-through. At the new moon on the 28th, Mars is in Libra (an Air sign—harmonious to you) fanning the interest of others in support of your aims. Have a party on the 19th to announce your new enterprise.

CANCER, June 22–July 22. On the 17th, you are emotionally stimulated to revive an idea that had seemed to balk you. Now the time is right to resume it. If you are given discouraging advice on the evening of the 20th, ignore it. Don't let a temporary deceit provoke a mood of doubt. Start again on the 23rd or 24th to interest others. Campaign, and give your best efforts on the 26th and 27th. These are the best days for encouragement and reliable endorsements from those in authority. At the new moon, the 28th, give a dinner party to get the reactions of your family. You who are so public minded should make sure your new activities are in keeping with the times.

LEO, July 23–August 23. *Your ruler, the Sun, is in a sign alien to your own (Scorpio), challenging your goals. With Jupiter (ideas) and Venus (love or social) also in Scorpio, you may find that you are thwarted until the 22nd. This is not a time to speculate or begin anything you wish to endure. The social scene is peopled with those who do not agree with your politics. Then from the 23rd to the end of the month, you may move forward with full force. At the new moon on the 28th, your time has come to instigate projects that have been waiting in the wings. This is the most important new moon of the year for you.*

VIRGO, August 24–September 22. With the Sun (power), Venus (love), and Jupiter (luck) all in your third house of practical ideas, you should have three programs going. On the 21st, an idea startles you, but if you study it carefully on the 25th, you can adopt it. Using your talent for analyzing unusual possibilities, you will complete the task by asking another to help you promote it. Begin at the new moon in Sagittarius (Fire) on the 28th. You will be in fast company (Fire signs move swiftly), a challenge to your practical nature. You are a critic, but don't comment until the project is well rooted; then your talent for pointing out weak points will be appreciated.

LIBRA, September 23–October 23. Mars, planet of action, occupying your birth sign raises your momentum. Impulse is not your particular milieu, but Uranus (fast as lightning) in your sign, too, seems to double the activity. You will have to react more quickly than usual or you may miss the chances that are flooding your atmosphere. Jupiter in your house of income means you will be concerned with the value of the ventures. The 18th provides a chance meeting that proves useful. On the 19th, an old tie ends. On the 23rd, a new friend introduces you into a new social group. Rest on the 25th. The 29th is the day to resolve all that has gone before, to choose that which suits you.

SCORPIO, October 24–November 22. *With benefic Jupiter and the transiting Sun in your sign endorsing your luck and bringing opportunities, your judgment is keen in all areas. Seek personal advantages. Consolidate your working program. Now is the time to venture a speculation on at least one level or to begin a new project apart from your regular profession. Communicate a campaign for your idea from the 23rd to the end of the month, particularly on the day of the new moon, the 28th. This new moon in Sagittarius (Fire, your house of income) is an excellent time to consolidate the financial return on your efforts. Jupiter is romantic. A new love could be another adventure.*

SAGITTARIUS, November 23–December 21. Mercury, the messenger of good news, is in your birth sign for the rest of the month. You may expect important proposals, the best on the 21st. Examine it carefully; it could change your destiny. On that day, Mercury makes contact with Uranus, the planet that eliminates the past to make way for progress. On the 26th, an unusual message must be taken into consideration at once. It will not stand the test of indecision. But no matter how exciting, the idea must not be put in motion until the 28th, when there is a new moon in your sign. This is the most significant new moon of the year for you, a preview of 1971.

CAPRICORN, December 22–January 19. Your ruler, Saturn, remains in the sign of Taurus (values, gain, materiality). Saturn opposes Jupiter from the 16th to the 20th. The governments of the world are on trial in making judgments, in spending. This testing will go on until the 24th. Before it subsides, you should not venture but remain conservative. Mars, planet of action, in Libra shows that others will challenge your sense of values. On the 26th, you may air your view if a decision must be made. The new moon on the 28th in your twelfth house indicates planning behind the scenes is best. Time, your old friend, will release you from your cautious state later.

AQUARIUS, January 20–February 18. *Your ruler, Uranus, in Libra has Mars sharing the sign and making the life pace exceedingly fast. One significant day, the 21st, when world news is startling, is most exciting for you if you have been waiting for the right moment to choose your future path. This is the day to take direction, when Mercury communicates with Uranus. Fire and Air signs are good to you, so after the 23rd when the Sun moves into Sagittarius, go forward with what you learned on the 21st. At the new moon, the 28th, four planets in Fire signs stimulate your intellect (Air) to accomplishment by attracting public acceptance for whatever you have to sell.*

PISCES, February 19–March 20. Your ruler, Neptune, in Scorpio for about fourteen years, has now moved to a new sign. With your ruler in Sagittarius, you will fall in love with all new ideas. Mercury, also in Sagittarius, is endorsing you. On the 15th, you will feel inspired to seek a new life. On the 18th, your faith is renewed in a past endeavour. On the 21st, the power to initiate this program comes through a message from an unexpected source. On the 23rd, take another step as your enthusiasm mounts. Neptune, your ruler, acts slowly and subtly. Now the new moon on the 28th has a smart effect on you, stirring new fires in the excitement of accomplishment.

BY MARIA ELISE CRUMMERE

Now there's a Sheaffer for

guys 'n dolls

(have you noticed the difference?)

The 1920 style White Dot pen that put Sheaffer on the scene. Slip it on in colors like—Lime Alive, Turned-on Orange, Fired-up Red. Dress up your writing... and your wardrobe. A fun thing just to own. For the "guy". $9.95

for the guy

For the doll who relates. We've turned on Sheaffer's White Dot pen from the 20's with a version just for dolls. Let it hang free and swing with your "mod"-est fashions. For the "doll". $9.95 At smart stores.

for the doll

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MEN IN VOGUE

...NOTES, QUOTES, AND VOTES

Henry Ford is another man who likes the blue-jean look. He bought lots of Meledandri's version: thin cotton in faded-jean blue, blotched with streaks and clouds of white, cut into great shirts, jeans. $25 each: R. Meledandri, 74 E. 56th St.

"Cleanest shoes I've seen in years" was one savant's verdict. The secret? Plain "Pledge" furniture cream by Johnson's Wax . . .

Hair: Gift certificates for hair styling, $10 each at Jackie Rogers, for Christmas. Call: (212) 744-4036


1

TOMUCCI

Quilting. *A prophetic idea from Rome, now hitting New York. Best, Testa's weekend suits such as* **1:** *moss-green carded tweed. Padding, stitching all outside; inside, soft as a shirt. About $250. Madonna, 306 E. 53rd St. Testa suède-and-leather boots. $80. At Jackie Rogers, 27 E. 67th St. . . .*


2


3

JOHN COWAN

Furs: leap into winter now

Flying fur, luxurious fur; long, short, or buried inside a coat, fur (or a close approximation thereof) is a man's most important gear on winter days. **2.** Elegantly cut topcoat, brown herringbone cashmere, collared, cuffed, lined in "Lunaraine," Emba mink. Made to order: Maximilian. **3.** Great put-on for weekend prowling. Beefy South American opossum in deep pewter tones: Mr. Fred for Fur & Sport.

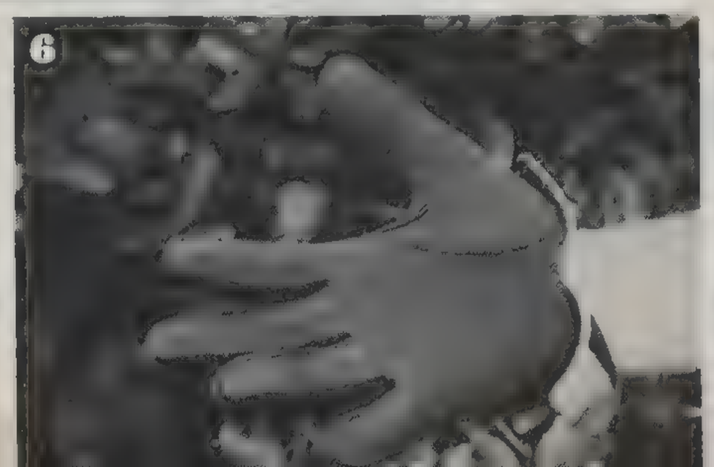
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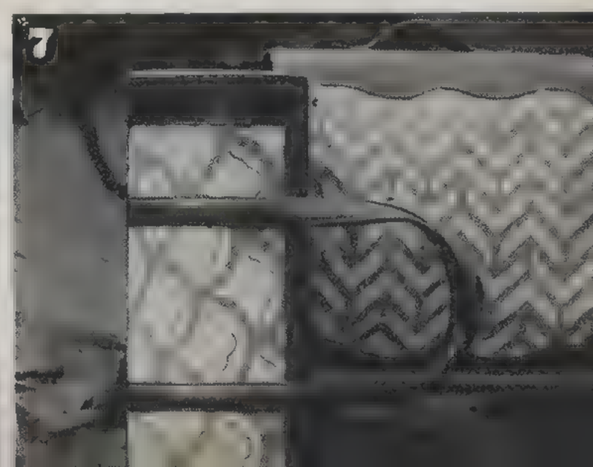
Chap in the brown tweed bush suit, **4,** knows: belt, hat, boots are as vital as the right suit. His: beige Remo Argenti felt, mahogany calf belt, boots. All: Dimitri, 42 E. 57th St. More musts: **5.** Plaited tan leather gloves, $28, and, **6,** grey peccary gloves, surprise cuff lining: red calf, $25. Both: Bergdorf Goodman. **7.** Printed suède bags, mocha on beige, brown leather trim. Duffel, $85; weekend size, $140. Madonna, 306 E. 53rd St.


4

BARBOZA


5


6


7

GELBSMAN

Love your hair



New! Wella Care Do.

At last you don't have to put your hair up every night.

Now from Wella: Care Do, the first hair set with memory. Actually makes your hair remember the set from shampoo to shampoo. Set your hair with Care Do and it stays set. All silky and shining and clean. Wella Care Do texturizes and adds body, too. Three strengths: Regular Hold, Extra Hold and Gentle Hold for bleached hair.

The loveliest hair gets Wella care.
Ask your hairdresser.

WELLA



NOVEMBER 15, 1970

VOGUE'S *eye view*

IT'S ALL IN THE ACCESSORIES...

IN what you add, what you eliminate, how you mix, measure — balance is everything and nothing matches

It's all in the belt . . .

studded, from Morocco; grommetted, from Paris; smooth as Russian calf, plus brasses and other fastenings; a leather hip belt around your jeans, fastened with brass buckles from a Swiss cowbell; 24 brass snaffle hooks around your waist; gunmetal hardware and shining silver. . . . Pull a shirt and skirt together with a laced Victorian corselet . . . black satin, crimson suède, mixed leathers . . . a brown suède corselet 12 inches wide.

It's all in the wrap and strap . . .

wrap a sash of webbing and fringe around your fluffy raccoon coat or smooth fringed satin around your ermine caftan. . . . Sandals strapped to the knee with ghillie laces, leather tapes; embroidered buffalo hide strapped around your throat; a leather choker strung with cabochon rubies and emeralds; a beautiful old enamel order hung on violet ribbon; a carved coral melon on a rope of thick gold chain.



Barefoot, with her new sandals in her hand and her bag strapped high under her arm, Mrs. Onassis swings down the Via Camerelli in Capri, shopping where the world shops for marvellous leathers, pulls, pants, chains, enamels, coral, gold—the amusing, decorative essentials that we all want more of because in fashion now, that's where it is: in the accessories.

ELIO SORCI





It's all in the bag . . .

combinations of fur and reversed calf; leather and webbing; a patchwork of lizard in scarlet, orange, Irish green, taupe; camera cases; cartridge cases; mail pouches; feed bags. . . . Bags strapped right under the arm; long-strap bags slapping the thigh; Moroccan studding and embroidery; harness brass on fake python, sleek as Rotten Row . . . don't be out of the stable—great brasses there.

It's all in the stocking . . .

cubes, herringbones, ribbed designs; sometimes tri-coloured, always dark, matte, opaque. . . . The sublime surprise of totally transparent black for evening, and red lace.

And the boot goes on . . .

every night, every day, every way; brocaded boots with a taupe suède mail pouch on a golden chain, and fringes of ermine tails falling from a feathered necklace — no matcheroos; everything mélanged, measured, weighed, and balanced. Accessories are serious business . . . .

Jennifer Chambon, *left, one of the prettiest girls in Paris, beautifully turned out in her own special mélange of favourite things for a party given by Régine and Baron Eric de Rothschild. . . . With a sheer dark-brown stocking top from Courrèges and lighter brown suède jeans from New Man, she straps on a chained suède bag that she bought in Dakar, a big amethyst-and-gold cross from Capri, and her Van Cleef gold chains, choker, cross, and medallions —all perfectly measured, and falling accordingly.*

THE ACCESSORY THING



It's all in how you mix your leathers, strap your belts...and the splash of red moon shoes

It's all in the balance of matte and shine

1. For Birgitta Sayn-Wittgenstein, it's all Cardin—all matte and shiny black from head to toe: knit bodysuit, tasselled cap, vinyl gloves, belt; patent boots. Bodysuit at Bonwit Teller and Jacobson's, Michigan.

2. Veruschka's one long dash of black Gucci leather from Seville hat to shirt, and two low-slung belts with gleaming brass buckles. The print cotton pants and red horsehair whip are Gucci, too. **3.** Sporting splash of lacquer red—Louis Feraud's shining patent shoes on thick crenellated black soles. Maxandre stockings.

ELISABETTA CATALANO



It's all in how you're oriented—Kabuki sandals, patterned stockings

4. Divine little square-toed silk sandals like the ones Kabuki actors wear—Mila Schön made them to go with her new collection that's Oriental every step of the way. Slippers at Martha. Embroidered stockings by Fama.

It's all in the way GRETA GARBO, ***above, has cut her hair—like a small boy's in front with bangs and some ear showing, the rest wrapped with a scarf at the nape.***

MARTINET

THE ACCESSORY THING

It's all in the thick fringy tassel
DIANE DE MONBRISON
wears on a Russian baby's cap...and boots in a shining patchwork of reptile and leather

1. Cardin's black knit cap, pulled way down. 2. Snake, ostrich, lizard, alligator, leather, and patent—patch boots in beiges, browns, black, by Dal Cò. Fama tights.

1

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It's all in huge wraps ...shiny MOON boots

3. Saint Laurent's folded gypsy shawls, riotous with patterns and roses.
To order:
I. Magnin.
4. Louis Feraud's patent moon boots—slicker yellow on crenellated black rubber soles.

4

It's all in the mélange of mink and horn and feathers and suède

5. Veruschka, the squaw of Soldano, blanketed by his greatcape of mink squares in tones of beige and brown; it's brown suède on the reverse side and worn over more of the same—suède skirt, horn necklace strung on suède, feather leggings over suède boots. All by Soldano.

ARNAUD DE ROSNAY

5

It's all in the dangles, bangles, chains . . . the splash of red . . . mixes of leather, brass, enamel, and clean shining silver

Left: Armsful of silver shine, more on a G-string (G as in Gucci) chain, and a chained plaid sporran. Danecraft bangles, each $3. Altman's; Woolf Brothers; Joseph Magnin. Gucci chain, $65. Sporran by Thought Waves for Lewis Purses, $35. Bonwit Teller; Neusteters; I. Magnin. *Below left:* Polished brass, red splash: gorgets on suède thongs—breastplate by Thomas Robbins for Tortolani-Crislu. About $100. Bloomingdale's; Neusteters; Nordstrom Best. Cap, Martin Quartararo for Norman-Paulvin. T-shirt, $30, by Ronald Kolodzie for Genesis. Also, Country Club Fashions. *Right:* This girl's got everything Gucci going for her—even the walnut and pigskin director's chair ($249) . . . splashes of red: giant pigskin pen ($25), leather address book ($14), banding on the printed cotton jersey shirt ($69) . . . Gucci-webbing stripes: enamelled on the silver necklace ($65) and silver bracelet ($45), woven on the canvas strap of the velours shoulderbag ($84) . . . shining silver: key chain ($65), watch band ($215—complete with watch), buckle bracelet ($89), link bracelet ($96), rings ($18 each) . . . plus camel leather pants ($139), camel suède gloves ($35). Franklyn Welsh coiffures.

THE
ACCESSORY
THING



PENATI

It's all in how you strap your wrist

1. Black-strapped watch with direct reading at the windows, elephant-hair bracelet alongside. Sheffield watch $20. Bonwit Teller; Lazarus; Foley's. Bangle, $5. Bob Lee for Hunting World. Also at Joseph Magnin. **2.** Another time, this blue-and-white enamel watch strapped over your brightest knit. Watch by Bill Blass for Vantage, $55. Bloomingdale's. Knit Gloves by Crescendoe-Superb, in blue (with muffler), about $9; in orange (with muffler and cap), about $13. All at Lord & Taylor; Wanamaker's, Philadelphia.

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THE ACCESSORY THING

PENATI



4

It's all in the trophies you bag for your green suède safari jacket



5

5. Brown suède bag slung like a hunter's beneath a knotted silk scarf, shirt cuffed to show pride of wood-and-metal watches, elephant-hair rings. De Noyer jacket, $160. Madonna shirt, $65. Echo scarf, about $10. Lord & Taylor; Woolf Brothers; Joseph Magnin. Bag ($35), rings ($10 each) by Bob Lee for Hunting World. Rings, also Joseph Magnin. Watches from the Oscar de la Renta watch collection*; with silver, $110; with gold, $130, $145. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman Marcus. Franklyn Welsh coiffures. *Swiss movement

It's all in how high you strap your bag . . . balance your beads, bangles, and chokers

3. High under the arm goes the big pouchy brass-studded brown suède shoulder-bag, up both arms go amber bangles, down the fingers go brown rings and yellow beads swing for two yards, dangling the Moroccan hand of Fatima. Bag, $60. From Hernando's. K.J.L. bracelets, about $5 each. Bonwit Teller; Foley's; I. Magnin. K.J.L. necklace, about $25. Bergdorf Goodman; Gus Mayer; I. Magnin. Violet suède vest ($38) and skirt ($75): Joan Kavanaugh for Casa Cuero. Crazy Horse sweater, about $14. Bergdorf Goodman; Higbee's. Judy Hinman rings; $12, $15. Henri Bendel. **4.** Going shiny, silvery circles—twin chokers. Napier. About $15 each. Bonwit Teller; Sakowitz; I. Magnin.





It's movie star GENEVIEVE WAITE,
a kinky wink of a girl from England who's lighted in Hollywood like an electric butterfly. Loves raggedy things and leather, really gets it all together.

Above: Qui-vive Genevieve in a maroon felt fez flicking a blue wool tassel, multi-buckled black belt strip-strapping her midriff and swinging a duo of racoono tails over nifty suède gauchos—grey with a front-tied flap. Adolfo fez: to order at Saks Fifth Avenue. Craig Carrieri belt: $30 at Henri Bendel. Pants by Summer Sunday; about $70. At Henri Bendel; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Country Club Fashions. *Right:* Genevieve's going places in black—bodysuit, silk twill scarf, tippy little felt fedora; keeping time with a pair of skindiver watches with sixty-minute timers—one red, one yellow—and who-knows-what-all tucked into a bottomless duffel of taxicab-yellow canvas. Hat, about $60, from Mr. John; also at Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Stanley Korshak. Vera scarf: $5 at Macy's, New York. Dynasty watches, $17 each. Bloomingdale's; J. W. Robinson. Schiaparelli bodysuit, about $12. Lord & Taylor; Sanger-Harris; J. W. Robinson. Duffel by Boyt for Crouch & Fitzgerald; $47. Coiffures: Ara Gallant.

AVEDON

THE ACCESSORY THING—IT'S ALL IN THE STRAPPING, TASSELLING, AND TIMING . . . ALL IN THE BAG





THE ACCESSORY THING—IT'S ALL AT THE THROAT, THE SHINE OF SILVER, THE CLARITY OF LUCITE

Genevieve Waite of the hungry-kitten eyes, crazy-dandelion hair, and butterfly tattoo—she was called butterfly as a child—in a stack of silvery chokers, far left and, left, silvery chain and clear Lucite chokers.

Far left: Chokers by Monet. Each, about $9. Lord & Taylor; Marshall Field; I. Magnin. Panne velvet dress by Diane von Fürstenberg. About $110. At Bloomingdale's; I. Magnin. Ara Gallant coiffure. *This page:* Two chokers of silvery metal and Lucite—one dangling a Lucite pear—and silvery metal circling a chunk of Lucite on a chain, by Trifari. Top necklace, to order; Altman's. Others, about $20 each, at Altman's; Marshall Field; Foley's; Bullock's, all stores. Black velvet dress: Eloise Curtis for Happenstance. About $130. At Lord & Taylor; J. W. Robinson.

THE ACCESSORY THING— IT'S ALL ON THE TORSO, SILVER SHINE, STUDDED AND HAMMERED



Both pages: Body sculpture by Thomas Robbins for Tortolani-Cristal. Left, about $100. Right, gorget about $50, belt about $20. At Bloomingdale's, Neiman-Marcus; Nordstrom Best. Black T-shirts by Ronald Kolodzio for Genesis. Also at Country Club Fashions. Lacy tights, left, by Danskin. About $4. At Bloomingdale's; Stix, Baer & Fuller. Coiffures by Ara Gallant.

Genevieve Waite, harnessed in silvery studding, left, strapped around the throat, the waist....Right, hammered silvery squares swinging between a wide gorget and thong-tied belt.



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THE VITAL
ACCESSORY
THING

PENN

It's all in your timing—the bigness of the watch...the wideness of the strap...the shine



1. Alligator all around a big round 18-k.-gold watch. By Bueche-Girod. $350. Nan Duskin; Sakowitz; Laykin et Cie at I. Magnin. **2.** Good any time—in the water, in the dark, in the kitchen—a shiny stainless-steel chronograph with a luminous pointer that times up to thirty minutes. By Wyler. $135. At Lewkowitz, N.Y.; L. S. Ayres. **3.** Pull this out of your jeans from time to time—a great-looking oval watch. Baume-Mercier by David G. Steven in 18-k. gold. $300. Marcus Jewel Gallery at Gimbels, N.Y.; Mayor's, Florida. **4.** Pattern on pattern—printed strap, printed face. Nothing timelier. By Givenchy for Gruen. $80. Bergdorf Goodman; Titche's, Dallas; The Broadway. **5.** An old-time gold piece (worth $20 in 1905) is a watch-collector's item now—on a black camel band. Mathey-Tissot. $1,200. **6.** Good time in a buckle—oblong gold watch strapped in black lizard. By Roberta Di Camerino for Universal Geneve, in 18-k. gold. $400. Van Cleef & Arpels. **7.** A watch with a tuning-fork movement just like the one the astronauts put on the moon. Bulova, in 14-k. gold. $750. Bloomingdale's. **8.** Running circles around itself—a chronograph that's a shining example of contemporary design. Elgin. $85. Miland Jewelers, N.Y. **9.** That stainless-steel gleam that's so racy right now—it's polishing off a huge waterproof watch with a timer for seconds, minutes, hours. Omega. $195. Bloomingdale's; Jordan Marsh, Boston; G. Fox; Bullock's, all stores. **10.** Talk about shapes, here's a sharp one—shining on all eight sides. By Glycine, in 18-k. gold. $100. At Lambert Bros.; Bailey Banks & Biddle; Corrigan's, Houston.

ALL WATCHES, WITH SWISS MOVEMENT

THE LOOKS YOU WANT RIGHT NOW

Just the niftiest, easiest kinds of clothes to wear—right now, anywhere!...all the good going lengths pulled together with just the right belts, bags, boots, and such. Good going!... *Up-and-down skirt* (1); grey flannel slashed open over a short panel in front; black wool turtleneck; a silvery-studded belt pulling all together. By Ginori. Skirt of wool loomed in America, about $48; sweater about $20. At Bonwit Teller; Hutzler's; Sakowitz; Joseph Magnin. Belt by Elegant. Lacy tights by Van Raalte.

1

2

The short navy knit swings on (2), with golden chain lacing and studded suède boots to the knee. By Dorothy Arden for Arbé Imports, of wool. About $65. Bergdorf Goodman; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Jacobson's, Michigan; L.S. Ayres; J. W. Robinson. Suède sash and bag by Hernando Reinoso. *The coat that goes over* (3): smashing in black with a wide flaring skirt, small waist laced into silvery metal. By Ginini; Anglo Fabrics wool, loomed in America. Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Swanson's. Mittens by Ben Berger. Belt and both bracelets by Thomas Robbins for Tortolani-Crislu. *In stitches* (4), this white wool crêpe dress with waist laced into a patchwork leather corselet. By Frank Adams for Studio Six; wool loomed in America (Bellaine Fabrics). About $130. Lord & Taylor; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Maas Brothers, Florida; Jacobson's, Michigan; I. Magnin. Belt by Elegant. Phoenix tights. Studded boots, both pages: David Evins, to order at I. Miller. Hair combed by Franklyn Welsh.

J P ZACHARIASEN

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4





PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

The tug of truces, the vacant-lot rhetoric of belligerence, the need to get out of the tunnel. . . . *Mrs. Success,* a nonfiction *à clef* about the wives of the rich, the powerful, by Lois Wyse who heard in answer to a question about Women's Lib: "You want us to give up superiority for equality?" . . . The stun, the dark strength, the subtleties of colour, and the impact of the twenty-one paintings, never shown before in New York, by the late Mark Rothko, now at the Marlborough Gallery. . . . Janey, half of the musical pair Janey & Dennis, a girl who looks like a Gothic American Indian and has a habit of singing country music with authority through her nose. . . . Bob Elliott and Ray Goulding, radio comedians from way back who shuffle around amiably in mental sneakers on Broadway in their show, *Bob and Ray: The Two and Only.*

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Hope Against Hope: A Memoir *that is both a literary achievement and a terror story with a mad humour by Nadezhda Mandelstam, widow of the unfailingly great Russian poet Osip Mandelstam who died a prisoner of Stalin about 1938. According to Princeton Professor Clarence Brown, Madame Mandelstam is not only a "sweetly sad figure" but also "a vinegary, Brechtian, steel-hard woman of great intelligence, limitless courage, no illusions, permanent convictions, and a wild sense of the absurdity of life," who wrote that she found that "If nothing else is left, one must scream. Silence is the real crime against humanity."*

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The careless, skinny biography *You Might As Well Live: The Life and Times of Dorothy Parker* by John Keats who never for a moment caught the mouse-at-bay quality of Mrs. Parker who often went for years without writing or saying anything funny but who was in her delicacy and reputation a thoroughly frightening woman. . . . Thomas Stewart, a heldenbaritone from Texas who is the Metropolitan Opera's ace in the new *Parsifal.*

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . *Robert Redford, whose sex appeal includes his teeth, in* Little Fauss and Big Halsy, *a stupid motorcycle movie. . . . Mungo Jerry, a fully fermented British jug-rock band that has shown up just when rock is gasping, with its name taken from one of T. S. Eliot's cats.* . . . How To Talk With Practically Anybody About Practically Anything, *a book by Barbara Walters who explains her title easily, lightly. . . . The man who said: "Don't let a pregnant woman see new television programs; they're worse than rubella."*

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . *Sisterhood is Powerful: An Anthology of Writings from the Women's Liberation Movement,* edited by Robin Morgan who has delivered a book of fascinations and sense almost without slovenly illogic but with a remarkable chapter by Diane B. Schulder in which she mentions that "On December 12, 1968, the United States Supreme Court considered the case of a girl who was imprisoned for 'lascivious carriage.'"

GORE VIDAL, *left,* the American writer-critic self-exiled in Rome, determined to be shocking, his latest novel, *Two Sisters*—about two famous and thinly veiled real sisters—more discussed than read. Disappointed in politics (the grandson of the late Senator Thomas P. Gore of Oklahoma, he ran for the House of Representatives from upstate New York and lost) and American literature ("never a first-rate American novelist to equal Flaubert or Stendhal," he said), Vidal is now content to gore Americans trans-Atlantic; has a master's hand in conversation, for he is erudite, willful, direct, and, above all, marvellously amusing and malicious. A risky commentator on sexual ambiguities, a Bible-thumping pagan, Vidal has outlived the clucking shock at his early novels ("all American critics are cretins") to become an evangelist for bisexuality. In this rôle, Vidal may have succeeded in powering his pen with his politics: *Myra Breckinridge* has become a sex symbol in Women's Lib and the militant new sexuality. With Dr. Benjamin Spock, Vidal is the co-chairman of the organization called "New Party" that has no platform but lots of planks. Both shy and self-conscious as well as controversial and fearless, Vidal is a peerless technician of his own effect. When he is televised, he tends the monitor carefully: "My left side is better than my right." Photographed a few days before his forty-fifth birthday, and asked tentatively to loosen his tie, Vidal said: "No, I'm a formal man and a formal writer."



PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

"THE ROTHSCHILDS," *above,* the new Broadway musical by the *Fiddler on the Roof* team, Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick, the book lifted from Frederic Morton's best-selling biography. The musical follows the heady rise of Mayer Rothschild and his five sons from an eighteenth-century Frankfort on the Main ghetto, floating loans for battles and love. Here, Keene Curtis, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, one of his four rôles, opens the London Stock Exchange with the daily hymn, "Give England Strength." The tills are alive with the sound of money.

NATALIA MAKAROVA, *near right,* the shy, small blond ballerina who left the Leningrad Kirov Ballet Company in London: "Not for politics but for my dancing." Mysterious and beautiful in *Giselle,* a dancer who relies on her clear, simple style rather than drama, Natalia Makarova carries off the long intricate passages with an easy precision. Now thirty, she said: "I want new rôles, more modern choreography." She got, for her leap, concerts and television with the great Kirov runaway Rudolf Nureyev and a contract for this season with the American Ballet Theatre.

"BEFORE CORTÉS: SCULPTURE OF MIDDLE AMERICA," the glorious exhibition of pre-Columbian art, perhaps the most impressive ever assembled, at The Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, exultant proof of what Mexican archaeologist Ignacio Bernal called "the feeling for order and exact proportion, the real mania for ritual." Shown here, *far right, top,* a first century A.D. sculpture from the Acatlán region of Mexico of a warrior wearing a coyote headdress. What emerges is that the development of Middle America for the twenty-five hundred years before its conquest by Europeans seems as exciting in its sweep and force as the Mediterranean development from the Minoan Empire to the Byzantine.

RUDOLPH VALENTINO, *far right, below,* in *Blood and Sand,* November 18, at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, one of a series of weekly loans by The Museum of Modern Art in New York, in this the seventy-fifth anniversary of filmmaking. Made in 1922, *Blood and Sand* remains one of the sexiest, but never lascivious, movies ever made, with Valentino looking as if his hair were vinyl swirled with a pastry tube.

"THE ROTHSCHILDS," MARTHA SWOPE; MAKAROVA, NORMAN PARKINSON; "BEFORE CORTÉS," THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART; VALENTINO, THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE







TO A MAN: The terrain of love

BY SUSANNA AGNELLI

"I hear you have found an apartment," was written across the Christmas card, "but I have found a husband." A handsome blond man with a moustache and a very proud triumphant girl smiled from the red card. Not in writing but explicit was the word "victory." I was amused, faintly intrigued, astonished. I wired back: "I am sure yours is the better solution," and doubted it very much.

Loneliness, the haunting, despairing, treacherous, unexpected, and ever-menacing nightmare of women, comes to you also when you are not alone.

(I suppose men feel lonely, too, but still there must be a difference. A man alone is, to begin with, generally sought after, pampered, invited, considered unattainable and thus more attractive, in some ways mysterious. He managed not to be caught, he must be intelligent. You read about bachelors "capitulating" when they finally decide to get married. Never is even the most beautiful and desirable girl considered to surrender to marriage; it is always, whatever the choice may be, a successful move. A girl hasn't found a husband; a boy has managed to remain free.)

I think that to be able to regard the fact of being alone as an accomplishment and not as a failure is the greatest possible achievement. Instead, in this strange civilization of ours, the fact of being alone is synonymous with lacking something. If it is a woman one is considering, the lacking turns to something shameful. Have you ever seen a woman, relatively young, relatively attractive, travelling or living alone without the immediate desire of all the "entourage" to first pity her, then find a mate for her? Even if never in the world you are as lonely as when you are with other people or, worse still, with one other person with whom you don't have a perfect understanding. The language seems unknown, the reactions to the outside events surprising, the feelings remote. Like sitting sober, with others who have been drinking. Or walking, by chance, into a house where a party is going on and everyone, except you, is stoned. You can drink or you can smoke pot too; or you can leave. There is no other alternative.

But it is not easy to leave a human relationship. Suddenly you feel a person you love is getting bored; or you are getting bored with the person who still loves you. One person is gay, the other is depressed. One is feeling like walking in the rain and the other like lying in bed, reading. One is sleepy and the other would like to spend the night out. One is raving for a plate of spaghetti when the other has decided to diet for a week on cheese and Port wine.

Of course one compromises, one gives up, one pretends; but don't tell me that one does not, in those moments, feel lonely.

I know there are exceptions. Short, crazy, dazzling months in which everything seems perfect. Two people want to make love at the same moment, swim at the same time, sleep, eat, wake up, laugh, go to the movies, everything in perfect synchronism.

It is the state of grace which is called "to be in love."

If you had the courage to leave, to go away, to not return, to stop telephoning at exactly the first, small, unequivocal sign that the state of grace is finished, then that relationship would not be a failure but something that fills your heart with joy.

You would be alone but not lonely.

I think that being alone is the normal condition of a human being. Not depending from, not suffering for, not fooling yourself because of somebody else.

It is difficult to accept this reality.

One day you want to marry, have children, a family, a house. In my country (until today) you were married forever. In the United States you can divorce and begin again; another husband, other children, another family. It is legal, recognized, normal. In my country you can't have another husband, or other children; but you can have another man. I mean you can have another recognized companion you are tied to, travel with, go out with every night, sleep with, even if you don't live in the same house. People don't invite you out for dinner without your companion; or him without you. It is a variant of marriage. And, after a lapse of time, a variant of the same loneliness. The jealousy, the hidden fear, the begging for understanding, for tenderness, for love.

Love, I believe, is not a sentiment that can belong to one person. (I am always extremely skeptical about unilateral loves.) Love is something that is born between two people. When it dies in one of the two it is dead. For both.

It is useless to try to hang on to the dream of past understanding or happiness, trying to convince yourself that you are still madly in love with a man who you know is longing to hold another person's hand. Yes, there are brief comebacks, minutes of oblivion, a fake sense of security. Followed by the real excruciating pain of loneliness. Often women try to conquer this pain by walking into the same kind of madness: another man.

(Continued on page 177)

Contessa Susanna Rattazzi, left, a woman with a vividly curious mind lighted by fantasy and imagination, is the author of this article on love and loneliness as well as a diverting series of sketches and profiles for the Roman newspaper, *Il Mondo*—one week, about a doctor; the next, a hairdresser, an actor, an ambassador. Born Susanna (Suni) Agnelli, the sister of Gianni Agnelli, she was photographed in the enchanting colonnaded garden of the family villa, Bosco Parrasio, which was once the Accademia dell' Arcadia founded by Queen Christina of Sweden as a meeting place for Roman intellectuals of the mid-seventeenth century. Like Christina, Suni Rattazzi thinks of herself as "a rebel." Divorced, the mother of six children, she recently ran for mayor of Porto Santo Stefano though she has no great liking for politics—too gregarious a milieu, perhaps, for a woman who values solitude in reasonable measure.

ELISABETTA CATALANO

CATCH COLOR

30 pages of its snow
and sun fields,
of the people who
shape the state,
of clothes to wear
where outdoors
is a place to live

ADO

Aspen snowscape: clean, crisp, heaven-scraping haven all year round. Against the sun-dazzled Elk Mountain Range, a dusky fringe-drenched ruana of handwoven, hand-dyed Colombian wool, bright violet turtleneck and suède pants. Ruana by Directions. About $60. At Lord & Taylor, New York; Bon Marché. Pants: Buckroe Country by Steve Saunders. Junior sizes. Bonwit Teller; Neusteters. Belt by Lee Sable. . . . Facing the sun brilliantly—Frances Denney's Dew Tan Moisturizing Suntan Gel. François of Kenneth coiffure.

ARNAUD DE ROSNAY

CATCH COLORADO

Everyone who hits Colorado catches it—the splash of air and sun, the hurtle of mountain landscape that only Coloradans take for granted, the streams where trout still swim, the snows that still lie clean all winter, the freshness of sight and breath and energy: This State slung magnificently over the Rockies is a place of Possibility, "Still young enough, in population small enough, to be spared the worst problems of the East and West Coasts" that it rises above. "A distribution centre," the money and business men call it—a confluence where things not only come together, they set out. Now, Colorado has suddenly caught the young, those prospectors for sports, learning, futures. Their new gold is a way of life. A young Coloradan said, "We have a chance to determine our own destiny."

Colorado START-UPS

GOVERNOR JOHN A. LOVE A Republican with high-voltage blue eyes and head-on charm, Governor Love took office in 1962. Before the election this month he had been Governor longer than anyone else in the history of Colorado. Photographed in Denver, *left*, in the Governor's Mansion—a buoyant 1908 example of "Western Pomp Art"—with Mrs. Love and their enchanting eighteen-year-old daughter, Rebecca, the Governor, like his two sons, is a Colorado sports nut: hunting, skiing, shooting rapids. He knows and cherishes this land, has seen his state pass some of the earliest environmental-control laws in the nation (as well as one of the first abortion-reform laws). Walking the tight line between development and preservation in a state not yet trashed, he presses for "orderly growth."

MRS. WALTER PAEPCKE An authentic beauty with Siamese-cat eyes, Mrs. Paepcke, *right*, is alma mater of the Aspen Institute for Humanistic Studies, an extraordinary study and conference centre founded by her late husband who was equally responsible for reviving the nineteenth-century mining town. Chicago-based, world-rounding, Mrs. Paepcke remains a conjure-name in Colorado, from her young years in Colorado Springs, an early famous health spa, to her summers, now, in Aspen, encouraging, livening the Institute, carrying the talk back to lunches in her secret garden among blue spruces, aspens, columbines, overlooking the lake she has just given to the Aspen Center for Environmental Studies. Her prospector-Victorian house reads like an autobiography, with traces of her family; paintings by Miró, Klee, Le Corbusier, Léger; minerals from the mountains, an African antelope tibia—possibly a million years old—from Olduvai Gorge; a photograph of Albert Schweitzer whose Aspen stay during the 1949 Goethe Bicentennial helped slap the new Institute into vigorous life.

NORMAN PARKINSON





CATCH COLORADO

Live-in SCULPTURE

CHARLES DEATON, the inventive, brilliant Colorado architect *(this page,* with his wife), built for himself this spectacular curved sweep of house that rises like a space ship over Genesee Mountain and puts all Denver, on its mile-high plain, at his feet. An industrial designer, inventor, and creative lone wolf, Mr. Deaton moulded a bathing pool into the master bedroom and designed beds shaped like great sunflower seeds. "I am out of the box of hard Euclidean geometry," he said. "I wanted the shape to sing an unencumbered song."

Live-out ACTIONIST

MICHAEL BALFE HOWARD, *opposite,* with his wife, Dinny, and their small daughter, is a force in Colorado's youth rush. At twenty-eight the City Editor of the *Rocky Mountain News,* he grew up in New York (as did Dinny), graduated from Yale University, worked in New York and Washington, D.C., until he caught Colorado. Now, when he isn't living outdoors, he is one of the most challenging editors and writers on the challenging Denver paper that has grown from a 1940 deadbeat to a daily morning circulation of 200,000, within chasing distance of the famous *Denver Post.*







Snowmass, THE HIGH LIFE FOR MR. AND MRS. CHRISTOPHER CAIN

In the Colorado Rockies the superb skiing has brought with it a special, exhilarating way of life. Since the renaissance of the old mining town of Aspen in the late 'forties and 'fifties, whole new villages shaped to the ski way have jumped up. One of them, Snowmass-at-Aspen. The first cluster of this development opened in December, 1967. In January, 1968, young Ann and Christopher Cain stopped by, dropped everything, and moved to stay. For them the Aspen architect Sam Caudill designed a house with mountain sense: The north side of the roof, *above*, pitches abruptly, a manoeuvre against ice dams; the shallow roof facing south collects sun heat. Sizable dormer windows serve as sun traps. In the tall living room, *left*, the massive fireplace is built of mountain stone covered with lichen. The Cains water it weekly to keep the lichen alive, its minute intricacies brilliant, the smell sharply fresh. On the gallery above the spiral stair, Christopher Cain, who is in real-estate marketing and makes films for fun and gain, keeps his film-cutting and photographic equipment: He likes the even north light. Between them, the Cains, with their two-and-a-half-year-old daughter, Bambi, sum Colorado's pull for the young. Ann raises horses—English riding horses, hunters and jumpers —and in winter teaches skiing at Aspen. Christopher, known as Kit, rides, skis, rejoices in the mountain fishing, the backpacking and climbing—and in the horizons for development that seem as wide as the mountain view.

TONI FRISSELL

CATCH COLORADO

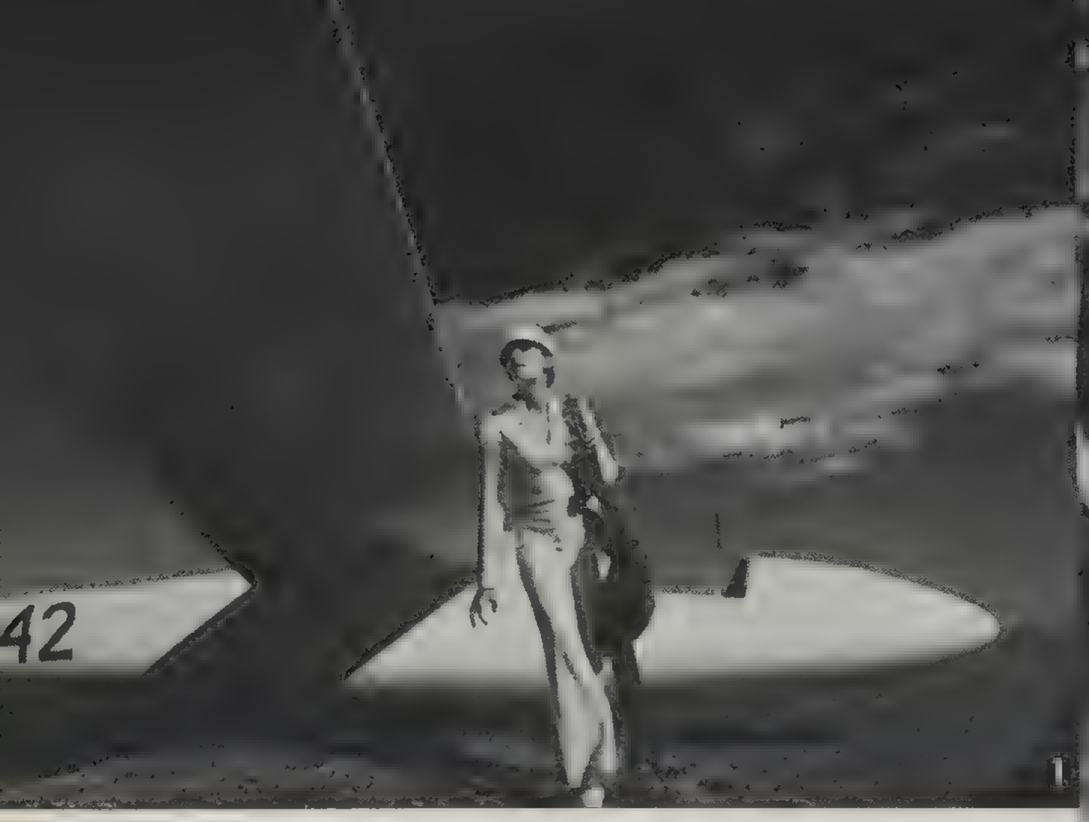
Aspen: TWO FACES

All for ski by winter, all for music, symposia, mountaineering by summer, Aspen has disparate faces. One, the restored mining town, its houses small, Victorian, bead-bright. Another, the hard-edged, handsome new buildings designed especially by Herbert Bayer, an early force in Aspen. *This page:* Mrs. Stephen Farish, junior, whistled new life into an 1893 house, adding the new without undercutting the nostalgic. Photographed left in her palmy parlour, she makes Aspen her all-year base camp, skiing there with her three children ("We can all get down anything"), and in summer, picnicking, hiking, riding. Below, in her hall, a four-part fantasy of flowers. *Opposite page:* Herbert Bayer, above in his studio overlooking Aspen, who was born in Austria and in the 'twenties a member of the Bauhaus, adopted Aspen in 1946. Designer of the Aspen Institute for Humanistic Studies, one of the country's most imaginative, pioneering study and conference centres, he has seeded this mountain town with his art; with public buildings and private houses, even with the 1889 opera house restored under his supervision. Below, the new Herbert Bayer house for the Robert O. Andersons, with a wall of Bayer paintings.

MRS. STEPHEN FARISH, JR.

TONI FRISSELL


HERBERT BAYER

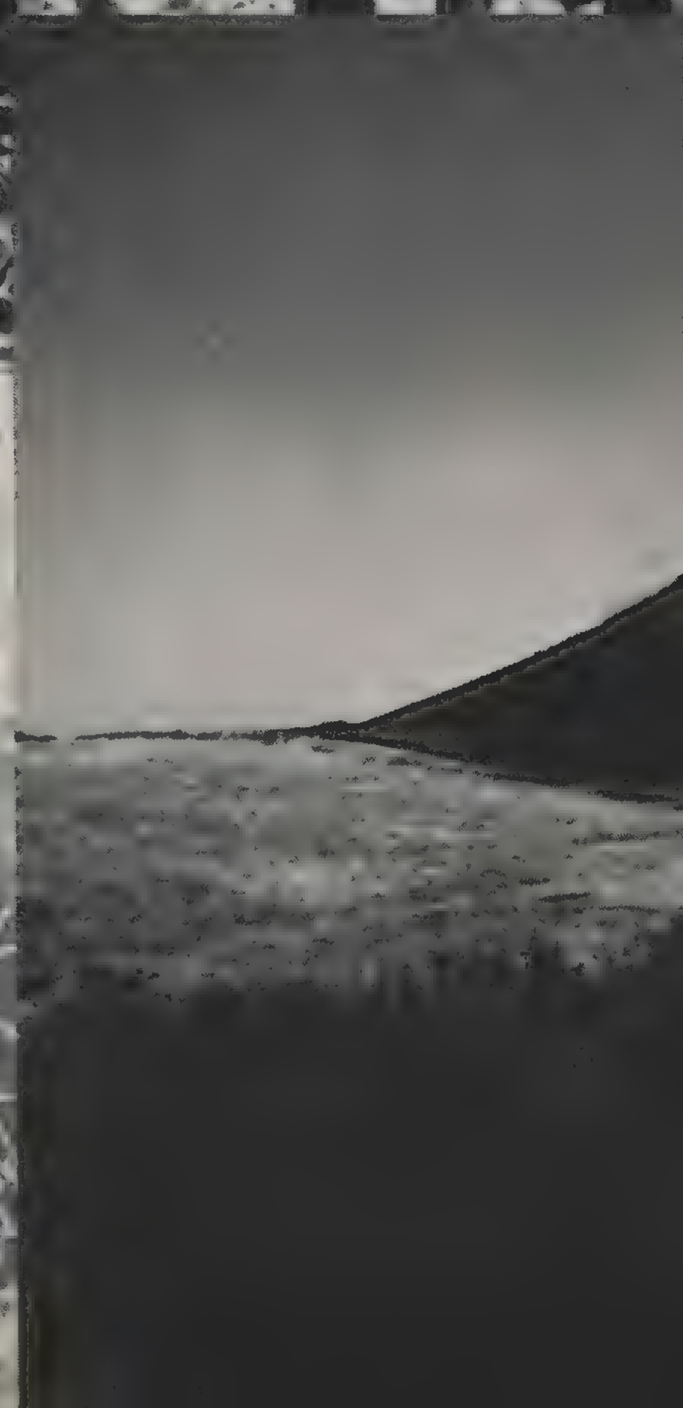


SOARING (1) soars, especially around Black Forest at the eastern foot of the Rockies where thermal currents and winds are an all-year boost. Towed by power planes to 10,000 feet, released to coast as high as 20,000 feet in summer, and far higher on winter winds, gliders have caught a growing clan of the young (here, Leslie Joseph, with parachute and Schweizer one-seat glider). Grounded, pilots unlatch the wings from craft that in flight have an almost fifty-foot span, haul them around in trailers. **ANN ZWINGER** (2), an artist and writer out of the East, with her husband, a retired Air Force officer, and three daughters, found forty mountainside acres west of Colorado Springs, built their own cabin, and settled in to learn and protect their wilderness. Studying, drawing every living thing from beavers to microscopic water life, Mrs. Zwinger produced this year *Beyond the Aspen Grove*, a discriminating, attracting book—part nature study, part adventure, all Colorado love song. Photographed here in Canadian reed grass near her lake, she is finishing, with others, a book on Alpine tundra in the United States, will go on to write, from experience, a cookbook for woodstoves: "A woodstove," she said, "is a way of life."

PHOTOGRAPHS: 1, 2, 5, NORMAN PARKINSON; 3, THOM LAFFERTY; 4, TONI FRISSELL







MR. AND MRS. ROBERT SIX (3), from further bases in Los Angeles, New York, and Vientiane, Laos, fly back to their ranch, the Lazy 6, in the still primitive Uncompahgre country on the Western Slope of the Rockies. Here they raise Herefords and horses against the cyclorama of the whitened San Juan peaks on land named by the Ute Indians, ruled once by Spain, then Mexico. The Sixes care about this share of earth: Mr. Six, president of Continental Airlines, brings here, above all, young Europeans who might miss a magnificent face of America. Mrs. Six, who is that beguiling clown Audrey Meadows, climbs guests to a high place for the knock-out view, and offers with rushing generosity, "Here, sit on *my* rock."

MRS. ANDREW W. BURDEN (4), with her five-year-old son, Douglas, are all-year addicts of Aspen where Mr. Burden has slid from real estate to designing and building furniture with the look of outdoors from weathered mine timbers. Mrs. Burden, a no-nonsense good photographer, is, too, recording secretary of the Pitkin County Park Association, a non-profit push to protect the natural resources and to turn the inevitable pressures for economic growth and overgrowth towards constructive and conserving ends.

THE FOAM HOUSE (5) sits like a moon machine on the roll of foothills of Table Mountain outside of Golden. Designed for the Denver sculptor Ron Kessinger and his wife by the Boulder architect Stan Nord Connolly, it is the first house in Colorado made of polyurethane foam, in this case shot over a form shaped on a Mylar weather balloon. Still a sightseeing event for people, and a curiosity for grazing horses that peer in the windows, the house, with its sudden resemblances to unheard-of creatures or space vehicles, wonderfully serves its landscape, like a punctuation in space, a compliment to its imposing background.

1

2



Six forces who CATCH COLORADO

WILLIAM M. WHITE (1), fourth-generation Coloradan, is, at thirty-one, head of a sudden new conglomerate that includes entire new towns and the major beet sugar company in major beet sugar country. Educated in the East, Mr. White returned with a fix on art (behind him, in his office, Franz Kline's "Riverbed") and maverick ideas. He hazards, knocks at the Denver Establishment, goads both for progress and environmental conservation. **KENNETH MONFORT** (2) leads in automating meat production. At his feed lots—the world's largest—at Greeley and Gilcrest, 200,000 head of cattle at a time crash-feed on special diets, computer-programmed and punched out from a glass booth rising like an air-control tower over plains of cattle. Colorado-born, -educated, Mr. Montfort sends his production knowledge as far as Argentina and Greece, follows through from the young steer to the frozen supermarket steak. **KING D. SHWAYDER** (3) helped rev the family firm, Samsonite, up to becoming the largest manufacturer of luggage in the world. President of the new 150-acre plant he calls "the campus," a golfer-photographer, Mr. Shwayder is one of his state's strongest, money-muscled supporters. "Out of Colorado," he said, "I'm in exile." **OTTO KARL BACH** (4), in twenty-six years as director of the Denver Art Museum, has taken it from a rebuilt factory to an astonishing new building (he was photographed on the roof) by the great Italian architect Gio Ponti and the Denver firm of James Sudler, due to open next spring. This soaring, tile-skinned monument in a community tepid to art speaks Dr. Bach's drive to turn "the only museum of world art in eight states" into a world art centre. One of the museum's unique assets: its vast American Indian collection. **DR. WALTER ORR ROBERTS** (5), the brilliant solar astronomer and head of the University Corporation for Atmospheric Research, top-minds the studies of pollution, radiation, and climate at the National Center for Atmospheric Research at Boulder. Holding a dropsonde, a meteorological sounding device parachuted through thunderstorms, Dr. Roberts was photographed at NCAR, designed by I. M. Pei, a spectacular red fortress butting winds that blow over 100 m.p.h. off the Rockies' Front Range. **MYRON D. NEUSTETER** (6), key man of an old merchant family, is president of the Central City Opera House Association that has brought first-rate opera—including Carlisle Floyd's new, difficult, and shattering *Of Mice and Men*—to the 1878 stage in the town that once centred "the richest square mile in the world." Central City, old-time bait for tourists with its revived, gaily overblown Victoriana, now, manoeuvred by Mr. Neusteter's team, has new national draw.

1-5 NORMAN PARKINSON
6 THOM LAFFERTY

Whatever you need, wherever you go . . .

THE NEW GET-UP-AND-GO CLOTHES

16 pages photographed in Colorado



Shirts and skirts—the get-up-and-go prints

Everything-in-the-garden skirt, far left—slit-open violet covered with small yellow, blue, and pink flowers. Plus a soft violet jersey shirt tucked inside and big straw hat heading it off at the pass. . . . Photographed in the twisty mountain trails near Aspen—skier's heaven in winter; in summer, when the landscape is vividly green and flowered, Jeeping's the thing, or rough-riding on one of the easy-going packhorses shown here. (The trailblazer is Christopher Cain, seen at home in Snowmass, page 120.) Turnout by Mic Mac. Skirt, of cotton and rayon, about $25. Shirt, of Trevira and cotton, about $16. Available December, Bloomingdale's; L. S. Ayres; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin. Mr. John hat.

Patterned up and down and around, left—great-looking jersey shirt and skirt in leap-frog designs of brown, green, black, and white flashed up with a gleaming golden belt. A Ban-Lon turnout of Antron nylon, by Jacques Tiffeau; Maxwell fabric. To order at Saks Fifth Avenue; Jacobson's, Michigan. Hat by Mr. John, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Belt by Thomas Robbins for Tortolani-Crislu.



COLORADO



The get-up-and-blow prints in flowered voile

Fields of flowers, far left, growing wild in an Aspen meadow . . . and hundreds more massed on a wafty dolman-sleeved dress in sheer cotton voile. Black with gold, blue, violet, red, and green. Vogue Pattern 7851.

Stripes and flowers, left—sheer, drifting ribbon print in violets and plums and flax—wrapped skirt and matching shirt with a stock-tied scarf trailing in the Aspen breeze, fragrant with sage and wildflowers. Skirt: Vogue Pattern 7889. Shirt: Vogue Pattern 7644. Cotton voile, both pages, Liberty of London Prints by Bernard Nevill. Altman's; Jordan Marsh, Boston. Belts: Elegant. Hat by Mr. John, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Pattern details, page 177.

Vogue Patterns

NORMAN PARKINSON

COLORADO

The get-up-and-go pants in knit

Navy knit and bare bronze skin, right: narrow, long-sleeved midriff top with matching pants—and plenty of room in between to show off a super suntan. Shown here in a forest of Aspen's Aspen trees; birch-white, they turn silvery green after a shower. . . . The turnout: Prerogatives by B. H. Wragge, of Enkalure nylon. About $65. At Bonwit Teller; Swanson's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Narrow leather belt by Elegant. **Waves and waves of print,** far right, against the clear jade green of Maroon Lake, near Aspen: slithery knit tunic and pants in brown, black, and white. With a great big straw hat to sunshade marvellous healthy hair—plus Wella's Gentle Care, a super-fast, super conditioner to get it that way in the first place. A Ban-Lon turnout of Du Pont nylon by Vera. About $58. Altman's; Maas Brothers, Florida; Jacobson's, Michigan; H. & S. Pogue; Frost Bros. Mr. John hat. Gucci bracelet.





A whoosh of fringe, far left, on the brightest green knit with a spare-ribbed top and trumpet sleeves; the kind of easy good-looking dress that takes you anywhere in the world, any season ...here, in a forest of Aspen at Maroon Lake. By Gino Paoli, of acrylic. About $65. Martha; Blum's Vogue; Gus Mayer; The Denver.

Away in crochet, centre—black-and-brown-flecked turtleneck dress patterned all over, with thick scrunches of lace crochet at the cuffs and hem. Dress by Helga Howie, of rayon. About $135. At Henri Bendel; Country Club Fashions.

Soft and small and violet, right—the baby-sweaterdress you'll want wherever you go. In wool, with buttons and tiny ribs to the waist, and the skirt just swings. By Juliano Knits; about $75. At Lord & Taylor; H. & S. Pogue; I. Magnin. Both dresses this page, almost 10,000 feet up at Snowmass, near Aspen, along the lovely wooded roads that roller-coast around mountains.

Get-up-and-go knits

NORMAN PARKINSON





The get-up-and-go shirts and skirts

Denim's a smash in red-hot red, far left: In old gold-rush country near Aspen, the niftiest little skirt and a short, sharp battle jacket with a good white shirt underneath. Turnout by Put Yourself Together, in acrylic and rayon. Junior sizes. $68. Bloomingdale's. Shirt by Ship 'n Shore. Laced belt by Judith Leiber. Strapped sandals: El Greco.

Here's a great lineny shirt-and-skirt look for you, centre—beige top, red sash, chocolate-brown skirt unbuttoned to show a flash of suntanned leg strapped to the knee in leather. Shirtdress by Adele Simpson, of linen and rayon. About $145. At Bonwit Teller; Kaufmann's; Hudson's; I. Magnin. Sunglasses: Pierre Cardin. Belt by Elegant. Sandals by Bernardo.

What keeps going going going?—it's the shirtdress, left, for hot spots, cold spots, all spots—Mountain Lake, here, near Aspen. Brown top, green knit skirt with dozens of buttons to let loose, and a shiny laced metal belt. By Patrick Porter for Rona, of Fortrel (Lebanon fabric). About $75. At Bonwit Teller; J. W. Robinson. Sunglasses: Pierre Cardin. Thomas Robbins belt. Sandals by Bernardo.

COLORADO

The get-up-and-go white knits

A short flash of white for your suntan, above—white knit dress stitched in navy and long bronzed legs strapped in white leather. By Sacony, of Encron polyester. About $30. At Abraham & Straus; Jordan Marsh, Florida.

The nonstop Chemise Lacoste, right—your ticket to everywhere. Short and white with lots of shiny little brass buttons opened wide to the sun—and the crisp Aspen air....The traveller's aid here, Angus, a beautiful black Newfoundland. Chemise Lacoste by David Crystal, of Dacron. About $42. At Bergdorf Goodman; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Harzfeld's; I. Magnin.

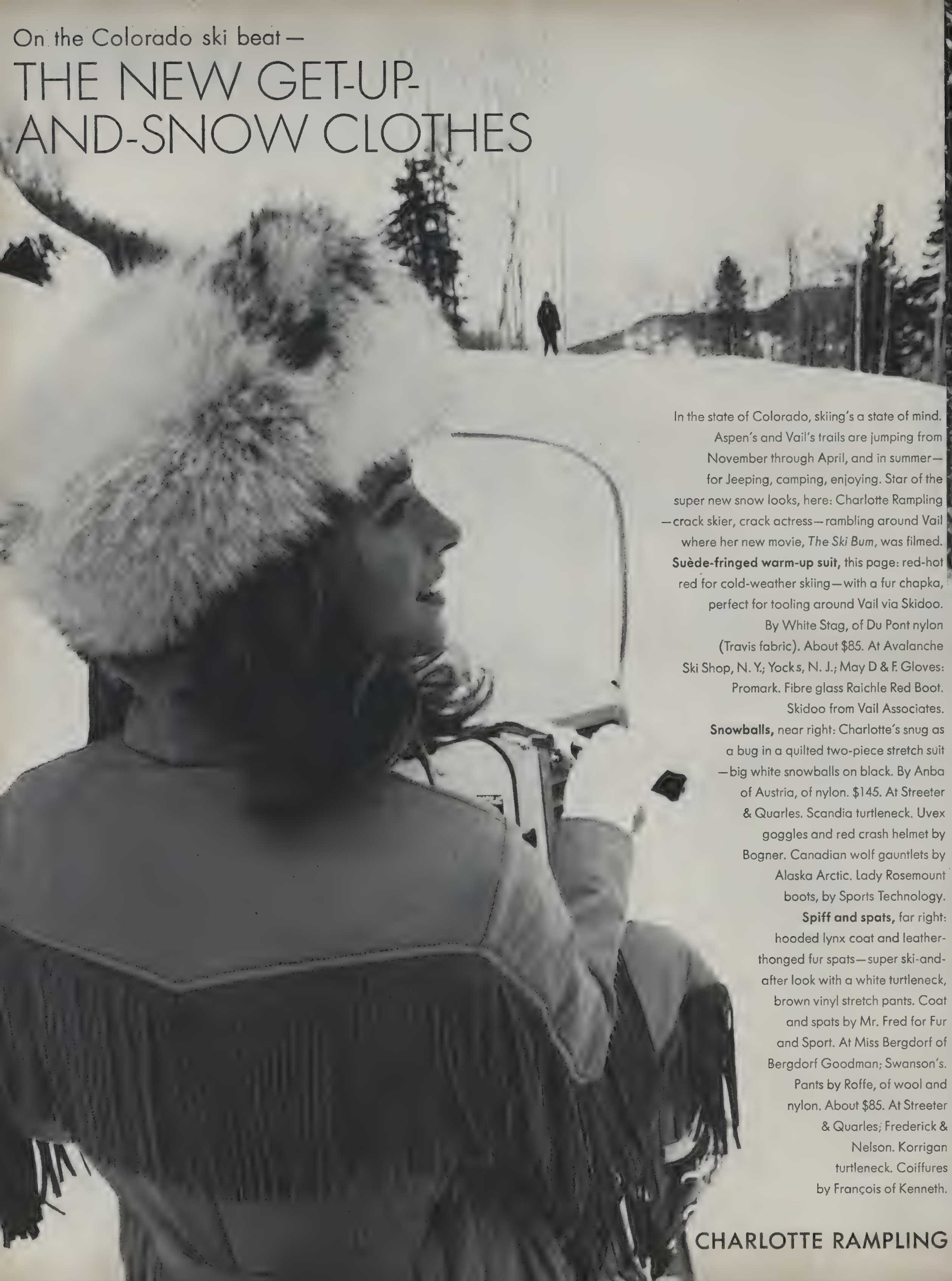


The white shirt and skirt, right — clean, simple, perfect. Wool knit polo shirt and unbuttoned white wool skirt, pulled together with chrome-buckled white patent. By Evan-Picone. Shirt knitted in America; about $16. Skirt loomed in America; about $28. Both: Altman's; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Bullock's, all stores. Both pages: Gucci watches; Judith Leiber belts; El Greco sandals. . . . In the background, an abandoned mining village near Aspen and the rushing stream where prospectors once panned for gold.

NORMAN PARKINSON

On the Colorado ski beat—

THE NEW GET-UP-AND-SNOW CLOTHES



In the state of Colorado, skiing's a state of mind. Aspen's and Vail's trails are jumping from November through April, and in summer—for Jeeping, camping, enjoying. Star of the super new snow looks, here: Charlotte Rampling—crack skier, crack actress—rambling around Vail where her new movie, *The Ski Bum*, was filmed.

Suède-fringed warm-up suit, this page: red-hot red for cold-weather skiing—with a fur chapka, perfect for tooling around Vail via Skidoo. By White Stag, of Du Pont nylon (Travis fabric). About $85. At Avalanche Ski Shop, N. Y.; Yocks, N. J.; May D & F. Gloves: Promark. Fibre glass Raichle Red Boot. Skidoo from Vail Associates.

Snowballs, near right: Charlotte's snug as a bug in a quilted two-piece stretch suit—big white snowballs on black. By Anba of Austria, of nylon. $145. At Streeter & Quarles. Scandia turtleneck. Uvex goggles and red crash helmet by Bogner. Canadian wolf gauntlets by Alaska Arctic. Lady Rosemount boots, by Sports Technology.

Spiff and spats, far right: hooded lynx coat and leather-thonged fur spats—super ski-and-after look with a white turtleneck, brown vinyl stretch pants. Coat and spats by Mr. Fred for Fur and Sport. At Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Swanson's. Pants by Roffe, of wool and nylon. About $85. At Streeter & Quarles; Frederick & Nelson. Korrigan turtleneck. Coiffures by François of Kenneth.

CHARLOTTE RAMPLING

ARNAUD DE ROSNAY

1

CHARLOTTE RAMPLING

2

3

4

ARNAUD DE ROSNAY

On the ski beat — get-up-and-snow clothes

Charlotte Rampling (1) skis Vail's Meadows in a smashing mild-weather turnout—sashed rust linen cowboy shirt, violet turtleneck, stretch-denim jeans...and a scarf-waving straw planter's hat. Shirt by Sarff-Zumpano; Moygashel Crebassi linen. $38. At Bonwit Teller. Scandia turtleneck. Ski jeans by Bogner; wool and nylon. About $63. At Bergdorf Goodman; Halle's-Cleveland; May D & F; Roos-Atkins. Jackie Rogers hat. Odyssey scarf. Belt: Elegant. Raichle Fiberjet Comp boots. Killy 800 skis by Head, at Abercrombie & Fitch.

New boots — for experts (2): The first boots put out by Head, very snappy in black with a yellow-orange-and-white-striped cuff and a no-fooling forward lean. About $130. Abercrombie & Fitch; Jordan Marsh, Boston.

New boots — for women (3): The Competite, black with a white cuff — sleek and comfortable to walk as well as ski in. By Lange. About $135. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Halle's-Cleveland.

White on white (4): Against the clean white brilliance of Vail, Charlotte in a shiny, white, belted windbreaker shirt, white warm-up pants, scarfed white straw cowboy hat, plus a violet shirt. Windbreaker, about $35, and pants (about $55, to order), of nylon knit. Wool shirt, about $25. All by Head Ski & Sports Wear. At Bloomingdale's; May D & F; Osborn and Ulland. Spalding skis: Herman's World of Sport. Hat: Champ Hats. Gloves by Promark. Scarf by Odyssey. Lady Rosemount boots by Sports Technology.

...The one place white won't do is on the face; for an instant bronze-y tint, there's Jean Patou's Bronze de Chaldée—protects against sunburn and dryness, too. Charlotte's coifs, by François of Kenneth.

Suzy Chaffee (5)—Olympics '68—skis like a million, looks like a million at Vail's LionHead lift in a two-piece black-and-white stretch suit she designed herself with Arp sculpture in mind. Hart skis: Herman's World of Sport. Henke boots: Scandinavian Ski Shop.

...A beam of good health like Suzy's might be turned on with a lick of Charles of the Ritz Revenescence Moisture Glow — revs up a tan with sheer colour and protective moisturizers.

SUZY CHAFFEE

TONI FRISSELL

what is a NERVOUS

TALKS WITH AN ENGLISH AND AN AMERICAN PSYCHIATRIST

BY ELIZABETH KENDALL AND ALLENE TALMEY

What exactly is a nervous breakdown? A nervous breakdown covers different emotional illnesses. It is not a term used by doctors, but in general a nervous breakdown means that a person feels that he or she can not cope with life and needs help. Common usage in the United States usually means a major psychiatric disorder. Help usually means one to six months in a psychiatric hospital. The new psychoactive drugs have significantly helped by making patients more accessible to psychotherapy and thus often reducing the time in the hospital. Most breakdowns are temporary disturbances from which the patient recovers. These days breakdowns are sometimes precipitated by too much pot, hashish, LSD, or amphetamines. The term is sometimes used to describe the alcoholic hospitalized to "dry out."

Are nervous, neurotic, and highly strung people more likely to have nervous breakdowns than placid, calm people? Not necessarily. Many apparently normal people have nervous breakdowns. Since symptoms of this illness are personal and subjective, often only the person who has them can describe them accurately. It's like having a pain; nobody else knows what it's really like. Between one-half to two-thirds of all people who consult their doctors are suffering from emotional problems as distinct from organic ones. A woman considered neurotic or hysterical may, because she can cry and talk, get some of her problems into the open and be less likely to have a breakdown than an apparently calm, "up-tight" person, bottling up her worries, who finally requires help. The person who can not cry, who feels an emotional numbness is badly off and eligible for a breakdown.

How can nervous symptoms leading to a breakdown be recognized? Occasionally breakdowns occur very suddenly, but it is more common for there to be a gradual buildup of tension, anxiety, depression, and irritability over a period of time. A person becomes reluctant to face the day, unable to take responsibility, unable to give others much thought because of self-absorption. Many people suffer from irrational fears that become intensified. These may be so marked that a person is unable to leave his home or his room. There may be too much or too little concern about money. Loss of interest in sex or change in sexual interests may occur. Preoccupation with suicidal thoughts is a common early symptom.

What about physical signals? Some forms of breakdowns, especially attacks of depression, are accompanied by loss of appetite and weight. Loss of sleep, true insomnia, is another symptom and, in depression, may take the form of waking early, perhaps about four in the morning, and then feeling gloomy and unable to get back to sleep. Some people do not recognize their breakdowns but attribute them to physical illness not diagnosed by their doctors. Women may have breakdowns after hysterectomies or surgical breast removals. Therapeutic abortion will not usually be a precipitating factor in breakdown if the mother gives a really informed consent—that is, she is not having it primarily to please a parent, spouse, or partner. If the mother actually does not want the abortion, the operation may be a causal factor in a breakdown.

Does physical exhaustion or physical illness contribute to nervous collapse? Physical exhaustion is seldom a serious problem. People recover quickly from real physical over-exertion by resting. Physical diseases and fatigue play a rôle only when the person is already susceptible to nervous collapse.

BREAKDOWN?

How to recognize the warning signals

When is a person most vulnerable to nervous illness? At adolescence and, for women, the menopause; but for men, the climacteric. They are periods of growth and physical change. The chemical changes in the body are multiple and varied. Problems of living also change requiring new means of coping. At middle age a woman can have worries with teen-age children and elderly parents that may, with all the other changes, be too much for her. Individual susceptibility involves genetic and hereditary factors. Some occupations cause too much stress and anxiety. A move from one environment to another may be contributing anxiety or stress. (Americans are an exceptionally mobile people.)

Is psychosomatic illness a form of breakdown? Psychosomatic illness is usually chronic. Such illnesses may serve as a distress signal, acting as a relief valve for body and mind. They may be manifest as part of a breakdown but do not cause it.

Why are some nervous troubles caused by such trivial matters? When trivial causes appear to be the reason for a breakdown, one should look deeper. Irritations increase under stress. Even a string of trivial irritations can not in itself cause a nervous breakdown.

How can one help oneself? Seek professional help. Your best advisor is your family physician. It is better to see the doctor unnecessarily than "to put it off." The prognosis for mental disorders is better the sooner the psychiatric treatment begins. Your doctor will know about psychiatric help in your community and when to refer you.

What is the best treatment? The best treatment depends on the kind of breakdown. This is determined by a thorough medical and psychiatric examination. Some breakdowns respond to physical methods of treatment—generally drugs or medications of the psychoactive kinds. They don't cure but they can be used to buy time while the situation improves or the patient becomes more accessible to psychotherapy. Electro-Convulsive-Shock is often the preferred treatment for depressed older persons but rarely for younger ones. The single most important factor in patient recovery has been found to be a good psychiatrist-patient relationship. This is most effective when it occurs in concert with the occupational and recreational services of a psychiatric hospital.

Can a personal tragedy cause a nervous breakdown? Mourning is a normal reaction to personal loss or tragedy. Most people get over mourning within a few months. People with marginal adjustment and unstable interpersonal relations may respond to a personal tragedy with a nervous breakdown: Their vulnerability is usually found to have antedated the personal loss.

Is getting away from it all a cure? No. What was wrong at home is probably wrong away from home. Taking holidays may add to the enjoyment of life and provide needed rest, but holidays are not cures for nervous breakdowns. In fact, occasionally holidays may play a rôle in the precipitation of a breakdown.

MR. CHARM TODAY'S MAN

"MR. CHARM" . . . THAT'S HOW BILL BLASS WAS ANNOUNCED WHEN THE FASHION INDUSTRY ELECTED HIM ONE OF SEVEN DESIGNERS IN THE COTY FASHION HALL OF FAME THIS YEAR

True. Bill Blass has enormous charm, and good looks: tall, blond, perennially tanned, with clear blue eyes, a smile as broad as an Indiana prairie. He has an athletic body developed by high school football in Fort Wayne. "Mr. Charm," yes, and "Mr. Perception," too. In 1967, before the current interest in designing for men, Bill felt the man would be the fashion image of the '70's and started designing for him as well as the women in his life. Blass's own great taste in dress was translated into everything in clothes for the smart American male. Over lunch he can cover the world of men with some very pertinent observations. Herewith, "Mr. Charm," Mr. Blass on: ***Man in 1971:*** "He wants to look as fresh, trim, and great as possible. Not tricky, but put together with something 'extra.' Right now the extra is Adventure, an almost swaggering mood; not so much any one thing by itself, but the way lots of colours, lots of patterns are mixed together by a man who likes clothes to suit his mood. It requires no brilliance, just an understanding of today's sophistication, with a little tasteful wit." ***American dress:*** "It's a vast country, and over much of it men in responsible positions don't work in ties and jackets. A good-looking way for them to dress is evolving and will influence the way everyone dresses. Even in cities, a man doesn't like to feel so 'suited up' on Fridays. He may even wear a safari suit to the office." ***Weekend clothes:*** "I contend a man is happiest in what he wears from Friday through Sunday. It's weekend gear rather than country gear. Once it would only have been worn in the country, but it's now all over the cities on weekends. Eventually, weekend gear will be for every day." ***Keeping in shape:*** "It's our great preoccupation and it should be. I have a man who comes to the apartment every morning. I work out, do calisthenics for about twenty minutes, have a massage. I've just spent a great week at the Golden Door Spa in California and I have never felt better. I'm going back in six months, and trying to keep up the exercises in between." ***Hair:*** "God knows, I wish I had more! No question, more hair is here to stay. It's now a sign of virility, with nothing effete about it." ***Latest project for the Busy Mr. Blass: A line of Grooming Gear.*** Sixteen products in handsome blue-and-silver packaging. Like everything with the Blass label, it's been thoroughly thought out, shaken down over the years to make sure it will be just right to "give a guy a fresh, great, easy feeling." Some of Bill's personal favourites, and his reasons why: *BB Peel-Off Pickup Mask:* "Picks up all your chins for awhile, jogs up circulation after a long day." *BB Wrinklestick:* "I use it when I'm very tanned, a no-show greaseless gel for the dry spots, and for the comfort and good looks of skin. I think most men need some kind of protection against chapping, and this isn't greasy!" *BB LipShield:* "Again, everybody needs something to prevent chapped lips." *BB Pre-Lather Beard Softener, BB No-Scrape Shave Cream, BB Soothing After Shave Balm:* "That morning shave has to be close, and since you start the day with it, it ought to be comfortable. The gel softens the beard and really works against nicking. The after shave balm is a clear gel that doesn't show, heals skin." *BB 100 Proof Cologne:* " No question that every man associates himself with some scent. Most of the men I know always keep some cologne at the office. A guy is more apt to dab some on during the course of a business day than, say, just before a party. I tried more than a hundred scents before we came up with this one, which smells really fresh. It's a blend of a number of things, with a good dash of patchouli in it." The basic idea behind it all: "Give a guy everything he needs to feel and look great. A man ought to be free just to enjoy himself."

Growing a beard is a willful, sometimes playful gesture for a man. It's a declaration of independence better suited to emperors and generals than servitors. It's the perfect insouciant move for Warren Beatty: his beard, which grows as thick, shiny, and chestnut-dark as his hair, is the perfect frame for the famous, boyish Beatty smile, the wicked gleam of the Beatty eyes. The facetious fashion of facial hair by no means involves a lessening of the daily ritual of shaving . . . indeed, the rich panoply of silver basins, elmwood tubs of lavender-scented soap, glittering ivory-handled razors, satiny leather strops—all these were in full, meticulous, every-morning use in the great days of the beard when an Edwardian gentleman cared for his beard as a gentleman must: with daily trimming and washing. Warren Beatty's beard comes off any day now in the interest of film—he is acting with Julie Christie in Robert Altman's *Presbyterian Church Wager*, to be followed by "$" with Richard Brooks. After that, who can say . . . perhaps he'll grow a beard.

AVEDON



YOUR SKIN VS WINTER SUN

IT'S TRICKIER THAN YOU MAY THINK

This you know: that the single most significant factor in skin growing too soon old is sun. . . . This you've heard: that the sun, in the northern hemisphere, is most dangerous in June and July, least so in December and January. . . . So this you may conclude: that you're home safe, skin-vs-sunwise, in the winter. Bad concluding. ***Winter sun contributes to skin aging—sometimes even more than summer sun, because it's in winter that people often think least about sun protection.*** Dr. Albert M. Kligman, noted dermatological researcher at the University of Pennsylvania School of Medicine, put it this way. "The cumulative damage keeps going on in the winter. We go outside, our faces exposed, thinking that we are absolutely safe. That's not true. You add up the years of wintertime exposure, you add up cumulative insults." . . . *This you suspect:* that it's the sunburning rays that give you the wrinkles. And this you know: that it's unlikely the sun will burn you after 3 P.M. . . . So you reasonably suppose: after 3 you're in the clear. Bad supposing. Dr. Kligman has recently embarked upon some interesting research which indicates: ***It's exactly that so-called harmless late-day sun that intensifies the trouble wrought by sunburn-sun earlier in the day.*** . . . *This you've been told:* that the instant tan which you get (if you do tan at all) upon exposure to sun is a protective mechanism that will decrease damage from subsequent sunning. . . . So you thank Nature for her kindness in providing you with temporary protection before she goes ahead and makes for you more lastingly protective pigment. Wrong again. ***The temporary tan, acquired before exposure to sunburn rays, multiplies the injury which sun can do to skin.*** "This immediate tan," said Dr. Kligman, "may have some as yet unknown function. But it certainly doesn't protect against sunburn." . . . Faced with these new findings, how do we cope with the sun's relentless course—other than, like the ancient Cretan beauties, shunning the sun completely, remaining eternally ladies in the dark? ***Obviously, it's a question of not only year-round, but day-long vigilance.*** There are no safe seasons, no unsuspect daylight hours. . . . Seek out makeups that specifically state that a sun screen is incorporated. "I wish," said Dr. Kligman, "that manufacturers would put sun-screening ingredients in all makeup preparations and so give women the protection they deserve." . . . Meanwhile, you can achieve a fair degree of protection by using a sun-screening lotion as an under-makeup moisturizer. And, if you insist on a sun-kissed look, there are skin stains and gels that mimic a tan nicely. . . . "Those liver spots on the back of hands have nothing to do with how old you are," Dr. Kligman said. "They're solely the marks of sun. Turn your hands over—and you won't get them." Keep outgoing hands creamed and screened, or (Continued on next page)



READY, set, snow!

Girl in the snow-know prepares to get the best of the winter sun by weatherproofing with Bonne Bell's good sporting cosmetics—all snow-knowing and skin-loving, especially Snow Tan, a bronzing gel which tans a girl the safe way. More Bonne news, page 178. . . . Visible weatherproofing: hooded cape of red fox paws with raccoon tails, by Giorgio di Sant' Angelo for Chambers Sherwin.

Monica Vitti, a woman for all seasons

Whatever happened to the broody beauty who illumined Antonioni's early film classics? She's Italy's prima comedienne now, great-looking, great fun, great box office—"warm and delicious, a riot, a hoot, a real Carole Lombard character," according to one recent visitor to Rome. The next Vitti movie due in the U.S. is Dramma della Gelosia *with Marcello Mastroianni. Here's Monica looking far from* gelosa*—with glasses tinted to filter harsh light, a Panama hat to shade her fabulous face and her Florentine-gold-streaked hair—good thinking for any season in the Italian sun.*

ELISABETTA CATALANO



WINTER SUN

(Continued) keep hand in glove and you probably won't get them either. . . . ***Know the winter danger zones, and accelerate protection accordingly.*** Gird for the challenge of winter sporting life with watchful cosmetics. Intensity of burning rays increases with altitude. So should the amount of defensive measures you take with you to the slopes. Ice and snow reflect a great deal of light, and even in the shade sunburns may result from these bouncing rays. . . . ***Know your skin tolerance and shield yourself accordingly.*** People with dark hair and dark eyes have less tendency to suffer the degree of sun damage that affects those with lighter hair and paler eyes. "Those young, flaxen-haired, turquoise-eyed dazzlers often find their looks the first to go unless they're taught early that ***sun worship is a bad religion,"*** the doctor warned. But the skin of nobody is impervious, and the sun can be the undoing of the blackest African, so take no special solar solace about your pigmentation. . . . *For instance, you might have always thought this:* that cold sores or fever blisters (or "shivery spots" as they're known in Scotland) are associated with the chills and feverishness that come with a cold and that the sun is probably good for them. *Au contraire.* ***Sunlight is a prime villain with herpes simplex, the medical term for cold sores and fever blisters,*** no matter what shade your complexion.



THE REALLY *HEALTHY GLOW*

The gleam the girl above wears isn't just sitting there doing nothing but making her fetching. It's fending off possible sun and wind stings while its built-in medication works on existing problems. The thick gloss of Elizabeth Arden's aromatic, amber Eight Hour Cream, famous for forty years as a dealer of soothements to the skin (it acquired its name by healing a cut in eight hours flat), has slipped into makeup lives, too. So good is its slick and promise that models have taken to carrying little pots of it in their handbags to gleam eyelids, mouth, temples, cheeks. But Eight Hour still stands ready for more serious mercy missions—to insect bites, chapped lips, broken cuticles, brittle hair. And if you should, after reading the article alongside, be so rash as to take on a sunburn, be aware that this paragon comforter is held in such high medical esteem that it's used by the medical men for burn therapy.



HAIR

wants a really healthy snow glow, too, could get it from Breck Satin. After shampoo, it satins, glows, corrects wayward ways—and offers, against winter sun and wind, some very reliable Breck protection service. (Coiffure by Alba of Alba e Francesca; choker by Danecraft.)

You know what there is where there's smoke . . . a very good possibility of fire. Watch out. For Gaucho Eyes, external combustion that Estée Lauder just ignited to match the impact of gaucho clothes, of all the new clothes. She's plumbed the depths of colour, produced powder eye shadow scorchers like the two that smoulder here. Pampas Green swathes the eye darkly, Rancho Rose wings over brow to hairline—it's very sophisticated primitive art. The mouth repeats the boldness in Cherry Punch, a new Wine-Taster shade of Tender Lip Tints, also slashed on cheek. Valley Sun transparent colour stick darkens the skin, adds fuel to the fire. . . . Torrero hat by Bob Lee for Hunting World.



THE BLACK

MONOKINI

The monokini, holiday spirit of the Mediterranean. A late-summer fashion that swept the beaches from St. Tropez to Sardinia where the girls romp in the sea and turn gold in the sun, wringing every drop of health from the restorative water and air. The monokini is more than a topless bikini: it has rules of its own. For one, it must be black. For another, it's best accompanied by masses of vivid waterproof make-up applied lavishly around the eyes (green is the favoured shade), lots of shiny lip gloss, oily suntan lotion all over the body, hair and face constantly sprayed with water so that no matter how much time is spent on the beach one always looks just risen from the sea....The monokini accessory: a gold and leather choker by Gioconda.

ELISABETTA CATALANO



Blinding blue water and salt-white sand edge this Caribbean euphoria that the Arawaks who once lived there called Xamayca. Lush, brilliantly green, and wildly beautiful in the interior; ridged with mountains so densely wooded the trees, from the air, look like misted blue-black wool; carved by valleys of towering sugar cane; watered by rivers that turn into falls and back again — an island where the Trade Winds blow and the people say the sun is sweet.... On these pages, Port Antonio, oldest of the fascinating resorts that sprawl along the north shore and the banana port of Jamaica. In the middle of its beautiful harbour floats Navy Island, springboard for the **tiny shiny black bikini,** left — three little ties. And black patent to strap your brown waist. De Weese Designs; Du Pont nylon and Lycra. $22. Altman's; G. Fox; J. W. Robinson. Choker by Danecraft. Belt: Charles Jourdan Salon. **The bodystocking black maillot,** right — no sides, no back, no bones about it; just seal-black sleekness, sun-hatted here and trailing yards of printed silk along the idyllic beach at Frenchman's Cove hotel, in Port Antonio. Elisabeth Stewart maillot; Du Pont nylon and Lycra (Beaunit fabric). $20. Bloomingdale's; Burdine's; Hudson's; I. Magnin. Mr. John hat. Odyssey scarf.

J P ZACHARIASEN



A splash of good looks where the sun is sweet

PHOTOGRAPHED AT PORT ANTONIO, JAMAICA





Wrapped and dazzled where the sun is sweet

Between swims at San San beach in Port Antonio, a **bright printed sarong,** left, to wrap a black monokini—or to wrap as a turban or a bandeau or a shawl—simply two square yards of unbleached cotton from Africa in a Java print of browns and reds, blue and green, wound around the hips and tucked in. From Odyssey; about $8. Also at Singer, Rockefeller Plaza. . . . Flashing about the heavenly beach at Frenchman's Cove, **as much cover as you'll ever want** far left—a long unbuttoned coat of crinkly gauze crochet, brilliant as the ginger lily and the fruit Jamaicans call stangers. By Ken Scott, of rayon; about $145. Early December at Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus. . . . And, from Estée Lauder: as much cover as most skin will ever want at such moments—her Sun Souci Bronzing Foam, ungreasy and freighted with moisturizers, performs its wonders while you're tanning; Après Sun continues the good work thereafter.

Black and white splashes where the sun is sweet

J-P ZACHARIASEN

Black maillot, right, pure and simple—the serious swimmer's suit in one of its flightier moments here, just wafting around with a huge gauzy scarf in the surf at Dragon Bay, a sparkling new Port Antonio sun spot, with immaculate little cottages set out like a European village. . . . Cole of California maillot, of Antron nylon and Lycra; $24. Saks Fifth Avenue; L. S. Ayres; Nordstrom Best. Scarf by Odyssey.

A handful of Dalmatian dots, far right—black and white making waves at San San beach, Port Antonio. . . . In the background, Monkey Island and the entrance to the Blue Lagoon, whose incredible peacock-blue water is said to be the deepest, clearest, purest in the world. . . . Ban-Lon bikini in jersey of Du Pont nylon, by Catalina. $16. Bergdorf Goodman; Hudson's; Carson Pirie Scott; Bullock's Wilshire. Hat by Mr. John. . . . The good coat of tan that goes with both bathing suits might come by way of Almay's hypo-allergenic Sun Care spectrum, with everything from Full Filter Sun Creme for the tenderest twigs, to Deep Tanning Creme for those who think big.



Wrapped black jersey, right—narrow-sleeved midriff top with streamers strapped around the waist and a skirt wrapping and unwrapping to the ankle—just skimming the baby waves that lap the route to Navy Island, the half-mile long haven cradled in Port Antonio's harbour. . . . Skirt and top by Sibley-Coffee, of Jasco rayon matte jersey. About $225. At Henri Bendel; Nan Duskin. Mr. John hat. . . . For skin unwrapped to the sun all day: Borghese's After Sun Balm all the rest of the time, to keep it on the glow ad infinitum. **The wrap for a black bikini,** far right—a matching sarong, wrapped and split to the blue Jamaican sky. By Brigance Waterclothes, of Antron nylon. Sarong, about $20; bikini, about $22. Bergdorf Goodman; The Denver; Goldwater. Coiffures, these eight pages, all by James of Frenchman's Cove.

Long black slits where the sun is sweet

J-P ZACHARIASEN



121 CHRISTMAS PRESENT IDEAS

"Christmas won't be Christmas without any presents," grumbled every Jo who ever trod the boards in the school play. Which means, every laggard Meg, Beth, and luxury-loving Amy, it's time to get it all together for the Yule scene. Ideas are what we hope to give you; some things can only be had from certain places; some you can find, along with happiness, in your own back yard of shops. Think. Adapt. *Ask* people what they want.

ECOLOGY is the word this year. So give a bike—anything from a nicely Gallic Peugeot ($104.50) to a Rolls-mannered Raleigh ($89.95). A mini-wheeled bike that folds up indoors, also by Raleigh for $120. A tandem. Or—hold tight—one of the new three-wheelers for free-wheeling who-cares types who never learned to cycle with Mayor Lindsay's savoir-bike grace, $159. . . . All but the Peugeot at Abercrombie & Fitch. The Peugeot, at Gene's Bicycles, 300 East 77th St., New York. . . . Know someone who wants to be ecological, against blood sports, and also join the fastest-growing working-dog sport going? He needs a coonhound—black and tan, redbone, treeing walker, bluetick, Plott, or English. Point of the hunt: no shooting, the hound that trees the most coons is champ, and this year it may be Big Creek Jack of Ohio. Try the American Coon Hunters Association, c/o Mr. Raymond McClure, West Point, Mississippi 39773, for details on this one. . . . Home is the hunter, eventually, and for interior ecology, he—or she—will welcome a fresh bottle from the case of mineral water that's just arrived; Évian for ecstasy, Mountain Valley for rugged elegance from Arkansas. . . . A really smashing fake fur—mad and pseudo snow leopard for instance—warms some girls' hearts. Lots of others would like carte blanche for all ranch-raised furs or other glorioso pelts from animals not threatened with extinction. Know your girl.

FOR FRIENDS AND LOVERS: The pithy books he likes and she'll read, too—*Inside the Third Reich* by Albert Speer, $12.50; *Civilisation* by Kenneth Clark, $15; *Leonardo & the Age of the Eye* by Baron Ritchie-Calder of Balmashannar, $12.95 and packed with drawings and eccentricities; *Against Stalin and Hitler* by Wilfried Strik-Strikfeldt, probably the status book of the season, with all the little-known details of Strik-Strikfeldt and the Russian, Vlasov, attempting to pull off a popular revolt within Russia, 1941-45. Published in England for 60 shillings—order instantly from efficient Hatchards, Ltd., 187 Piccadilly, London W1. . . . Well, now that the minds have met, how about a rack of crack crus: a Pauillac such as a 1961 Château Lafite Rothschild, or a red Graves—1959 Château Haut Brion. A great white Burgundy is Montrachet Marquis de Laguiche 1967 and for a Bordeaux there is Château d'Yquem (Sauternes) 1961. All to be savoured on lovely stems (you've found those at Baccarat, naturally) and a stack of Pierre Boulez recordings. . . . The girl who gives any of these deserves her dream: a maxi French rabbit coat, deep violet. . . . She'll have the new drink, *Kir*, made with a touch of cassis in a glass then filled with chilled Montrachet or Pouilly Fuissé; give the makings and directions to one and all. . . . An *extra* hi-fi and cassette machine to keep down at the pool, if there is a pool. . . . For a man who lives on the global scale, the smallest battery razor, by Phillips, $16.95 at Winston's Sales and Service, 143 East 60th St., New York. . . . Stacks of new Cardin sheets and towels by Fieldcrest. . . . A gift certificate from a car-and-driver place that sends those cosy big black limos out in sleet, snow, and gloom of night, thereby removing the gloom; in New York, London Towncars ($12 an hour minimum) will set this up for you. . . . For a fishing enthusiast, a framed watercolour of his prize trout with measurements noted and the fly that lured caught forever in the glass. Giver must know exact measurements, date of triumph, and have the fly. Take all to Crossroads of Sport, 5 East 47th St., New York, $300. . . . Six lively, brilliant-orange birds for a white Tunisian birdcage—on the sixth day of Christmas? . . . For the most wonderful winter's nap, a beautiful bedcover of extraordinary silks, satins, et cetera, patched together and beautifully sewn so that it is all very smooth. Léron, 745 Fifth Avenue, New York, will do this to order, using patches of their own washable silks saved from delicious robes and blouses and cut in the shapes of diamonds, squares, oblongs, you-name-it. With a Dacron fill and solid white cotton backing, $175 will buy the double size, $225 for le roi size, $155 for a twin.

FOOD GLORIOUS FOOD and all that that entails, such as the pots and pans one wants but rarely buys in spite of desperate longing: an extravagant long fish cooker; an asparagus cooker; even a vegetable steamer. . . . How about a Lee Lok Wok, the new Minnesota Mining version of the venerable Chinese round-bottomed cooking vessel. It's electric! Stir-fries, boils, stews, steams, does all the deep-fat stuff. About $80 at Hammacher Schlemmer. . . . Prelude to that present is *The Thousand Recipe Chinese Cookbook* by Gloria Bley Miller, $10; give a friend a year to practise on powdered silk noodles and Moo Shoo Pork; then go Lee Lok Wok. . . . Know a pretty fair cook who sometimes gets caught up in the conversation when she ought to be pot-walloping? She'll love you forever if you produce a copy of *The Something-Went-Wrong-What-Do-I-Do Now Cookbook* by John and Marina Bear, $5.95; all the answers to what to do if the stew is blue and so are you. . . . For good girls: the second volume of *Mastering the Art of French Cooking* by give-it-the-old-one-two-three Julia Child and Simone Beck, $12.50. . . . By popular

from penny-arcade fun to devil-may-care largesse... with some stops in between

request we repeat: give tons of caviar; and the place to get those great pistachio nuts is the Ross Nut Co., 723 South Western Ave., Chicago. 2 lbs., $4. . . . A good chunk of Fontina d'Aosta from Italy; at Cheese Unlimited, 1263 Lexington Ave., New York and other cheese spots across the country. . . . For anyone with a chocolate deficiency (we know a man who claims this): Godiva chocolates from their own sweet boutique (near Gucci), 701 Fifth Ave., New York. . . . A store of truffles, black and white. . . . Credit at a great fish market (Rosedale, 1132 Lexington Ave., New York) where excellent crustaceans are prepared but not frozen; how lovely for someone to know that a cold lobster, something crab, or scampi that needs just a bit of the flame can be picked up on the way home to a pleasant and solitary dinner with a glass of white wine and a book. Peace. . . . Pretty and nostalgic: crystallized edible flowers in four apothecary jars, $4.25; from Aphrodisia, 28 Carmine Street, New York 10014. Actually you need Aphrodisia's delightful 25c catalogue listing the best of all spices, great honeys, and offbeat books. Good stocking stuffer, this. . . . Husband who dawdles over the wine list looking for that naïve bottle that will amuse everyone by its presumption—send him off to lectures and tastings at Ann Roe Robbins Cooking School, 135 Central Park West, New York, $7.50 an hour. Register now for next fall. He's bound to come home a changed man.

GOOD THINKING pays off. Study your man or woman carefully, and you're bound to get a winner. We say this well and truly because we remarked in these pages last year that husbands might note a wife's yen to have her engagement ring reset. *Alors*, it happened. . . . Consider the man or woman—and it's usually a woman—who loves to read in bed; get her the interior works (springs, et cetera) of an electrified bed; push-buttons waft her gently into the best possible angle; and she can doll up the whole thing with any headboard (carved Portuguese maybe?) and other fancies she fancies. Twin size, $245 at Hammacher Schlemmer. . . . For people who modestly admire their own houses, a romantic portrait of same by Felix Kelly—sort of eighteenth-century and Xanadu—can be commissioned through the Kennedy Galleries, 20 East 56th St., New York. . . . Those who cherish old pocket watches will thrill to a watch stand on which to hang one—gilded eagles, blue-and-white porcelain, and so on. $70-$120; all at Antica, 802 Madison Ave., New York. . . . Rare, old, somewhat *cher* brass pots big enough for small fig trees. And many other Celtic charmers, at The Irish Pavilion, 130 East 57th St., New York. . . . Takes bravery to give someone you love a scale by excellent Braun, but you might try giving a girl just a shade delectably plump the very teeniest Sony TV so she can spend her lunch hour in the office watching her favourite soap show (we cling to *As The World Turns* at 1:30 P.M.) instead of going out to lunch with another chap.

MUSEUMS can be groovy. Check your locals, big and small. . . . In New York, the Met has, besides beautiful books, charming and authentic reproductions of old American blown glass—6″ flip glass, 4½″ wide at the rim, $7.50 in crystal; special limited run of the same in amethyst glass, this year only, $18 each. Good repros of ancient jewellery great here, too. . . . At the Museum of the City of New York, a wild assortment running from theatre and circus posters. Limited editions of the Gershwins' hit "Hi-Ho!" signed by Ira Gershwin, $15. A few pewter reproductions of the good Revere shapes. On a lighter note, a double-faced jigsaw puzzle: "The Erie Railway" on one side; "Fashionable Turn-Outs in Central Park" on the other; $5 and maddening.

FOR AMY, whom we mentioned above as having a thing about luxury, the sky's the limit—send her aloft in her own private jet. . . . Good-sized super-fake diamond earrings for pierced ears are surefire. Must be set in yellow gold, and the two, together, add up to about five carats. About $300. . . . And/or a Mogul jade buckle, carved, with a centre medallion of small rubies and topaz plopped in gold. $750 at Past Tense, 171 Sullivan St., New York. Could make a man's future, starting December two-five. . . . An island, any size, any old where—doesn't everyone island. Well, that's our girl. . . . Good kid, too; she'll settle for the best suède skirt in town to wear with the best turtle-type sweater. . . . Or patterned stockings in red, black, brown, navy. . . . Painted boots from Latinas. . . . Violet moire boots for evening. . . . Pretty braid chignon caps from Kenneth. . . . A pair of white peacocks. Easy on this; be sure she has a spot for them to fan out in. . . . A black pug for a girl who has three black pugs. . . . Spring bulbs planted in the bowls of her choice, tended by a florist and delivered in relays—time may never lie heavy between when spring breaks through again like this. . . . While dreaming, see the accessories in the fashion pages of this issue.

KICKS and fun are not only kicks and fun as extras or mainstays; they're a very good idea in a year when potatoes are not cheaper. . . . Wittiest new game is Class; anyone can play, and the questions that determine your score are worth the price of admission ($10). All questions multiple choice, and they go like this: "You have a bidet?"— score goes up by 6; "You don't owe the bank any money?"—down 2. Available just about anywhere boxed games are sold. . . . A deck of cards called, with reason, "French Recipe Cards," because each one deals out a good recipe; the Queen of Spades is *foies de poulets Normands*, involving apples. At Caswell-Massey, 518 Lexington Ave., New York, for $4. . . . A pocket-type watch with a (Continued on page 175)

Dream sequence— Jean Shrimpton and the new nightdressing



PATRICK LICHFIELD



Ganymede, left, in a soft little spill of pink, simply poufted on the arm and tied in the Greek way. Short nightdress, from The Sea Dream Collection by Maidenform, in Du Pont nylon tricot. About $8. At Altman's; Miller & Rhoads; D. H. Holmes; J. W. Robinson. **Torrero lace ruffles and scarlet ribbon,** above—pretty-girl pyjamas in white; shirt-topped, sashed at the waist in velvet. By Vanity Fair, in nylon tricot. About $45. At Bloomingdale's; Sanger-Harris; I. Magnin. Huge swinging gypsy-hoop earrings by Cadoro. Jean Shrimpton's coiffures here and on the next four pages are by Celine and Oliver at Leonards.



Dream sequence with Jean Shrimpton

To be wrapped like The Shrimp, far left, in a dressing gown of soft, shining mauve panne velvet, giddy with violet ostrich feathers—delicious! By John Kloss for Cira. At Henri Bendel; Garfinckel's, Washington, D. C.; Harzfeld's. **A wafty little nightdress,** above left, ripples like a toga in shifting lengths of pink. By Carole Stein for Chevette, in nylon crêpe tricot from Stevens. About $20. At Lord & Taylor; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin. **Perfect to purr in, to prowl in, to wrap yourself up in,** below, left—a velvety fake fur robe, printed with eland markings of beige, brown, black, and white. By Chuck Howard for Tempo, of rayon and cotton (Cohama fabric). About $100. At Altman's; Joseph Magnin. **Night-black velours,** this page, to make your skin glow with pleasure—an Empire-shaped robe plunged almost to the waist and bound in gold braid. By Gossard Artemis, in Dacron velours. About $55. At Altman's; G. Fox; Z.C.M.I.

PATRICK LICHFIELD

Ribbons of colour and feathery tassels, above—a swirling fantasy print designed by Zandra Rhodes in blue, green, pink on white georgette. Nightdress by Motel Sherko for Character, in polyester. About $55. At Henri Bendel; Neiman-Marcus. **Flamingo pink's in marvellous shape,** below—just flowing along on the bias with a keyhole slot at the neck. Van Raalte nightdress in Qiana. About $25. At Altman's; Burdine's; J. W. Robinson. **The Shrimp covers up,** right, in an enchanting voile djellaba sprigged with cartoon flowers—red, green, yellow, and blue on white. By Ruth Bekker; Concord polyester and cotton. About $28. At Bonwit Teller; Joseph Magnin.

PATRICK LICHFIELD

Dream sequence
with Jean Shrimpton

VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE

OF SUGGESTIONS, FINDS, AND OBSERVATIONS

Delicious furs for a white, Siberian winter



1. *Lil Kinsolving* is curled in a Czarina's ransom of fur throws to muse, perhaps, on the falling snow, wearing a long, luxurious skirt of russet-and-white fox pieces. Her skirt is to order through Henri Bendel, The Fur Department, second floor, 10 West 57th Street, New York.

2. *Tonne Goodman* looks as touching as Anna Karenina in her natural muskrat coat, bordered and collared in racoon. It's cut so beautifully: small and snug, narrow armholes, then flaring, swirling about the ankles. About $800 at Harold J. Rubin Furs, 1186 Third Avenue, New York.

3. *Susan Train* and ***Christophe Carita,*** snapped in the deep snow before the Alexander Nevsky Cathedral in Leningrad. Susan's coat is dark, soft fisher from Chombert in Paris, and Christophe's wearing his big badger from Revillon.

BERRY BERENSON

5

Tonne Goodman and ***Lil Kinsolving,*** **5,** play at being hairy beasts. Tonne's black "gorilla" is dyed kalgan goat, $450. Lil's is loopy string-colour wool lined in cinnamon sheared rabbit, cinnamon macramé cord belt. $495, La Jacquerie at Georges Kaplan.

Here come ***Berry Berenson*** and ***Susan Engelhard,*** **4,** dashing through the snow. Susan's bundled in black monkey from Georges Kaplan. Berry's in her fluffy beige kit fox coat and hat by Schiaparelli.

EWA RUDLING ALEXIS WALDECK

4

3

More on next page

VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE *Continued*





1

2

3

4

5

London: ***where boutique people are so attractive, vital, and wear such prophetic things.*** **1.** Romantic hats and veiling, a ravishing look for ***Eleanor Powell.*** The canvas-and-straw hat, Biba, 124 High St., Kensington. **2.** Button-through dress and knickerbockers for ***Mrs. Peter Sellers*** in Liberty print wool. Foale and Tuffin, in New York at Betsey, Bunky and Nini, 237 E. 53rd St. **3.** Violet printed suède in a mule with a great clunky heel, Chelsea Cobbler, 33 Sackville St. **4.** Miranda in the beautiful hooded camel coat, long sultanas, high-collared blouse, all in merging printed Liberty wools by Foale & Tuffin (available in New York at Henri Bendel). **5.** ***Nina Axelrod*** in olive-green chintz boots, pink velvet knickers, blue crêpe shirt from Granny Takes a Trip, 488 King's Road. **6.** The glorious Shrimp and the sheer romanticism of an ornament for the throat—a snowy plume caught in silver by Pablo and Delia, at Thea Porter, 8 Greek Street. . . . **7.** Tapa cloth, how marvellous in rich browns and beige for boots. The Chelsea Cobbler make these for Renoma in Paris at 116 bis rue de la Pompe. **8.** ***Miranda Sellers,*** Milkshake, and a friend on their rounds. Miranda's beige raincoat is cut like a caftan, all wonderful ease and movement.



9. ***Nina Axelrod*** on the matchless motor bike at Mr. Freedom, 430 King's Road, set to go in silver satin jeans, lime satin T-shirt with a pink appliqué heart, a cartouche "Lucky Strike" bag, big Barrow Boy cap. **10.** Beautiful and rather prophetic, the soft poet's shirt ***Emma Chetwode*** has in "sentimental cheesecloth." Made to order at Deborah and Clare, 29 Beauchamp Place.

VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE *Continued*

New York:

Bonjour! M. de Givenchy, 1, come to visit his Givenchy Nouvelle Boutique at Bergdorf Goodman . . .



1

How handsome it is; spacious and rich, filled with such things as this delicious way to look in the evening, **2,** worn here by ***Mme. Elieth Roux.*** It's tie-dyed panne velvet, all in beautiful greens and marine blue with little flashes of orange. High Empire waist, bouffant sleeves widely cuffed with covered buttons. $270 at Bergdorf Goodman.



2



3

Ooo, Loulou!

What a fetching little number, **3,** a tiny wrap of a chamois mini, that cherry leather halter, all the little pink feathers and ermine tails; scarlet satin boots from the Chelsea Cobbler and, of course, a wonderful toss of tawny gleaming hair for this fantasie that ***Loulou de la Falaise*** and ***Giorgio di Sant' Angelo*** cooked up. And when would you wear it? "Oh, just about any occasion," Loulou tells us. One: Giorgio's victory party after winning the Coty Award.

BERRY BERENSON



4

What's this?

Enormous key rings, **4,** just like the hardware store variety, except . . . hold on . . . these are in Tiffany sterling, and we like them massed on the wrist. $18 each in sterling silver. Tiffany & Co.

PRESENT IDEAS

(Continued from page 163)

flapper painted on the face to wear fobbed to a belt. Massive chic for $25. By Randolph Graff at Henri Bendel. . . . Memo pads in assorted colours, some marked with full name, some with initials. some with inner-circle nicknames; can be ordered from almost any local small-town printer or specialty and department stores. Invaluable. . . . A little magic never hurts; get all the stuff to saw it in half from Louis Tannen, famous magic-maker at 1540 Broadway, New York. Big with boys of all ages. . . . How about "The Fun and Care of a Puppy"—it's all on a 45 rpm record for about $1.50, and the estimable Pet Productions, Inc. (Research Park, State Road, Princeton, N. J. 08540) will provide equally sage advice on records for goldfish, tropical fish, gerbils, birds, kittens, guinea pigs, hamsters. . . . Half a dozen trashy novels in paperback will give love and joy. . . . A little cheer, and if everyone's Faulkner-oriented, it could go in the Jack Daniel's stoneware jug (famous for keeping lemonade and buttermilk cool, as well as the master's own choice). Half-gallon jug, brown and fawn, with the "name on the side, just like 100 years ago." $5; order 101-A from Lynchburg Hardware and General Store, P. O. Box 239, Lynchburg, Tennessee 37352. . . . Delicious things from Caprilands Herb Farm, Silver St., Coventry, Conn. 06238. Delicious as a peace pillow scented with rose or lavender, $1.50; a paperbook, *Plants of Shakespeare*, $1.50. Mailing charges extra, usually 75c; suggest you telephone anyway (203-742-7244) to ask about herbs, growing and edible. . . . Herbs in hand, any liberated bachelor m. or f. can certainly get together a little dinner for eight, and will then need eight giant Kneenaps—big bandanna napkins, four blue, four red, printed à la Wild West on both sides, and delivered in a snappy package tied with baby-lariat twine. $15 for set of eight. At Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus. . . . Expect fan mail when you send out supplies of strapping brown paper-bag writing paper—chunky pad of 500 sheets, 6″ by 11″ with initials or short name stencilled in barn red or black for $13; 100 printed envelopes, $8. By D. Forer & Company, Inc.; at most department stores.

MONEY is nice. Give clean and shining bills to a young wife who wants a good fling in the boutiques and a clear conscience. . . . Send a check in a friend's name to his favourite charity, far and away the best present of all, rapidly replacing champagne where champagne once flowed like champagne.

TIME: A great present because nobody has enough. First, a secretary, for perhaps a week, to gather up all the recipes clipped and stuffed in cookbooks or kitchen baskets and Put Them All in Order—a card file is one way. Good candidates for both tasks are retired secretaries.

ECCENTRICS: Nothing's more fun than shopping for some sort of a nut, anyway. Take your normal healthy hypochondriac—and here we are—*The Great Patent Medicine Era* by Adelaide Hechtlinger. What that won't tell you—well, just give a thought to sub-head "Passions and Sex," one among many. Published by Grosset & Dunlap for a zippy $14.95. . . . Clocknuts are simultaneously easy and vexing; we send ours off to E. Greenberg, 9 East 47th St., New York, after first specifying that charmboat can't have a Quare unless it's the bargain of the era. . . . Southpaws may be only semi-eccentric, but they do put on a good show, and now there's a shop that puts on a very good show for them—gloves, even playing cards that help a left-handed poker man deal from strength and style. The Left Hand, Inc., at 145 East 27th St., New York. . . . Music boxes can run into lengthy figures, but can also be had here and there for $15 or so. Try Rita Ford Music Boxes, 812 Madison Ave., New York. Terrific. . . . It's Beethoven's year—75 records plus a book make his centenary album, $299.50 on the Polydor label. . . . Needlepoint hardly qualifies as eccentric these days unless you have a Sitwell turn of mind, but whatever you have, the new place is Nina, 860 Madison Ave., New York 10021, where they'll do you very well whatever your pattern is. Credit for a mad needlepointer is always welcome. . . . Now there's *another* variety of eccentric who falls hard for a subscription to the most irreverent laff magazine in the world—*Private Eye* with its dispatches from Gnome House and a gossipy columnist known as Lunchtime O'Booze; the real thing by air for about £5; write to 34 Greek St., London W1. . . . From our old buddies, The Chest Originals, Los Angeles, comes the "preserve our natural resources" present; it's canned, and it says "Grow Your Own Christmas Tree." Write The Chest, 2129 Pontius Ave., Los Angeles, California 90025. . . . Charming facsimile editions of 1797 London books, *A Present for a Little Girl* (pink) and ditto for a boy (blue); best for parents who will drink in the opening remarks: "The healthy parents were employed,/ Just like the industrious ant." Sound rules. At Jane Masters Interesting Items, Inc., 900 Blue Bonnet Lane, Austin, Texas 78704.

FOR MEN WHO ARE MEN: The man we have in mind here is the man who—just last year—put together his own colour TV set from a Heathkit; admittedly he'd tried out earlier on Heathkit's other miracles. This year it's the *solid-state* colour TV kit that grabs him. About $524, and just remember, kitten-cute, the key-phrase is solid-state. . . . Send them—him?—to The World of Golf, 147 East 47th St., New York, where The Swing Recorder will tell him "precisely" how he stands with Dick Martin, Arnold Palmer, and Bob Hope—and, guess what, he'll never have to tell *you*. $35 for the full golf-o-therapy.

BOY OF 13 gave us this unedited list of immediate wants: "Joe Namath football. Quarterback Football. Computer baseball. Computer football. Computer hockey. PO-KE-NO. Panasonic head-set stereo radio." We assume no further responsibility. For that, and for the girl who wants Warren Beatty's private phone number. Have a cool Yule!





BERRY BERENSON

ALL WRAPPED UP FOR CHRISTMAS

Ladybugs and four leaf clovers and quilted blue cotton—that's what cosy little robes are made of when they're made for Lisa Beattie, *above*, and the whole wide world of adorable little girls. To put on first thing Christmas morning. Or discover under the tree. It's the present that will be worn and worn till it's completely outgrown. Robe by Dream Girl. $10 at Bonwit Teller and Shillito's.

VOGUE'S READY VIGOUR

The sleek smell of success

The fascinating thing about a man who knows what he wants is that he usually gets it. And if you're lucky enough to *be* it, how fitting it might be to shower him with Succès, Coty's new super-charged, sweeping statement-in-scent for super-charged, sweeping masculinity. There are two kinds of Succès—one for day and one for night. A.M. is cool, crisp, pungent with lime, whereas P.M. rolls out the bearskin rug, all plush and sensuous. Both are buyable (by you, this minute) in cologne, after-shave lotion, and a gift set that holds both. The bottles are handsome, with an alligator pattern —red for day, black for night.

Underground signals

If you are receiving mysterious, wordless (but urgent) messages, it could be you're standing very close to a man who has discovered Maquis cologne. The name, so heroically familiar from W.W. II, derives from the wild and passionately aromatic tangle of herbs and brush that tumbles headlong over the barbaric earth of Corsica—and has long sheltered brave men seeking cover. Now that the poetic, arrogant scent of the Maquis has been captured, you can identify a hero in the dark. . . . Bloomingdale's; Marshall Field.

Baby, it's bold outside

No one has ever taken a head count of all the people who clamber about on sandy cliffs and emptied beaches, breathing great gusts of sea-laden air and murmuring that someone should put it up in bottles, but the number must be vast. Vast enough, certainly, to have convinced the Noses over at English Leather that it could and should be done. Uncork (literally) then, the new Wind Drift after-shave lotion, the tingling cologne, and inhale the blithe and buoyant keenness of the scent, after which you might give either—or both in a snappy gift set—to your outdoorsy man. It's a splash he'll take pleasure in on the golf course or in the tack room.

Alp wanted

Should you long to erase the fret-lines from a brooding male brow, how about a present that breathes of trees and lakes and clean, green mountains? Pantene has managed to incorporate that brilliant, high-swept freshness that is, in some way, uniquely Swiss, into their very first group of groomers for men. There are a cologne and an after-shave lotion, both of which contain a special agent to prolong the scent-strength, plus a marvellously non-sticky emulsion to supple the skin, not only of faces but of weather-parched bodies as well.

TERRAIN OF LOVE

(Continued from page 113)

Love, again; waiting for the telephone call; looking forward to dinner; going away for the weekend together. Until the ultimate craziness; tying your life to somebody else; losing your personality your judgment, your freedom.

So as not to be alone. Thinking you will not be lonely.

Loneliness is the outcome of nonunderstanding. The very young try to cover it with noise, music, images; anything that will prevent them from thinking. I have seen children doing their homework in front of a television set transmitting a motorcar race while a record was dispensing a Joan Baez song and the wireless giving an account of news in the Middle East.

Silence is an enemy, solitude a curse.

If a kid is alone he is forever rushing to the telephone, talking, hanging on to that line for hours on end, saying nothing. Just feeling, I imagine, the presence of somebody else at the other end. They must be like the others, dress in the same way, speak the same words, do the same things so as not to have the impression of being cut off from their "group." The terror of being different. Subsequently alone. And to be alone is a sign of not being wanted. . . . This is what the world has taught them.

One is perpetually worrying about children not having friends, not taking part in games, not being integrated. One ought to teach them, instead, how to be capable of being alone and not feeling lonely; how not to need, pathologically, the presence of another person at every hour. Life would be easier for them if we could transmit to them the feeling that to be alone is a sign of strength and interior richness.

These children grow up and they discover the hallucination of drugs. Drugs give them a kind of perceptiveness which is hidden to others and, strangely, they discover the fascination of what they have been avoiding since they were born. The charm of thinking; the curling of a thought like the long cloud of the smoke they are inhaling. They drown, slowly, in a world of their own where the same words have different meanings; at times deep, at times only nuances. But the wall between them and the rest of the world is there. And, as we have contaminated them, they can not stand to be alone. Now one person is not enough to fill the dark depths of loneliness, now everything, even the act of love, has to be shared with more and more people to give them the security they so desperately need.

Have the people of the world become weaker? Or is it the perpetual threat of the world's instability which transmits the instability to the individual?

It seems as if men and women today shirk from the possibility of seeing themselves or what is around them clearly. It is as if only confusion, noise, blurredness, nondistinction, make today's world tolerable. If there is clarity, people elude it. Truth is too hard to face. And what is truth? How many truths are there? And which is the truth of oneself?

I am afraid that this is what everyone is shirking from. Oneself. The loneliness of oneself.

So one tries to see oneself differently through the eyes of another person's love; to accept yourself because somebody else has accepted you.

Instead of trying to make yourself better and to be able to love others without demanding.

I know a nun, the provincial Superior of many schools where thousands of girls are educated. She is a very intelligent woman, simple, almost peasant looking. She is very fond of the young, both the girls who come to be educated and those who come with a vocation to become nuns and stay in the convent forever. The problem of both, she says, is lack of affection or security; if you are capable of creating an atmosphere in which the girls feel they are loved, where they know someone cares for them personally, thinks about their spiritual problems, tries to do all that is possible to make life run smoothly, then things work. The students do their best, the teaching nuns give all they can. But let them suffer from lack of affection, incomprehension, in one word, loneliness, and the girls try to compensate in the outside world while the nuns, in the impossibility of doing the same, become arid and hard.

Similar, in some ways, to a convent is an *estancia* in the Argentine. Far away from towns or other *estancias* the families who live on these big farms grow into little private worlds of their own. Many, many children, governesses, tutors, peasants, gauchos; a life where everything is shared: illnesses, fear, the rain, horses, school, meals, play.

In their strange, particular way it is what the hippies are trying to go back to. To share things with others. To forget the anguish of loneliness.

It must be that the modern world has not equipped modern man with the right antidotes to the modern world.

Otherwise why would it be that the more developed a civilization becomes, the higher is the number of suicides committed?

Why not try to train people to the idea that life is something given individually and that it is to be suffered and enjoyed by an individual, not by a couple or a group or a community?

As one grows old, one realizes more and more that there are few people one really likes to be with. You find yourself looking around a crowded piazza or an airport or a room, and thinking that there is not one person there that you would really like to sit down and talk to for half an hour. And still people are around one all the time and the moments one spends alone are few.

Sometimes it is because one is lazy; and being with others prevents you from facing life. Sometimes you are tired or depressed or nervous. So you give in to saying useless things to useless people until you are so tired and depressed and nervous that you can't stand it any longer. Sometimes you are happy and want to tell someone else instead of keeping, as would be right, happiness for yourself.

Think of the mysterious sensation of a solitary fisherman as he sees the dawn rise upon Venice. . . . Or how clear the sky must feel to a man who wakes up in a lighthouse.

But they have learned to be alone. They do not need to communicate.

The other day I was looking at mountains rising out of the sea. Such force born of blue brilliance. Mountains are never so beautiful when you are on the mountains.

Nor is the sea so enchanting when it is only resting in its dark velvet or somersaulting colours and bubbles. You never feel the sea so alive as when there is a screen of stone to frame it.

It is the same. You never enjoy another person's company as much as when you are content to be alone.

VOGUE PATTERNS

(Continued from pages 130-131; other views, yardages, details)



7851

Above: Dolman-sleeved dress. Vogue Pattern 7851. Sizes 8-16. Size 10: 2¾ yd. 36″ fabric. $1.50; Canada, $1.65.



7644 •7889

Left: Stock-tied shirt. Vogue Pattern 7644. Sizes 8 to 16. Size 10: 3⅜ yds. 36″ fabric. $1; Canada, $1.10. *Right:* Wrap-skirt. Vogue Pattern 7889. Sizes 23-to-29-inch waist. Size 24: 2⅛ yds. 36″ fabric. $1; Canada, $1.10.

VOGUE PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT IMPORTANT SHOPS IN EVERY CITY OR BY MAIL FROM VOGUE PATTERN SERVICE, P. O. BOX 549, ALTOONA, PA. AND IN CANADA, AT P. O. BOX 4042, TERMINAL A; TORONTO 1, ONT. FOR FIRST CLASS MAIL, PLEASE ADD 10C FOR EACH PATTERN ORDERED. NOTE: CALIFORNIA AND PENNSYLVANIA RESIDENTS ADD SALES TAX.



BERRY BERENSON

THE SHIRTDRESS FOR WHEREVER YOU GO

This shirtdress goes along—North, South, East, West, everywhere you go—and what could be prettier for little evenings? Bright orange chiffon to the knee with long sleeves and a row of tiny twinkly diamanté buttons. Add a shining silvery belt and the glow goes on forever. . . . Dress by Toni Todd, of Dacron; $28. At Arnold Constable. Laced metal belt by Thomas Robbins.

VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

A *bath you can take with you*

If you're loath to depart the heaven-scented pool you bathe in daily simply because the scent refuses to join you on your otherwise well-appointed rounds, there's promising news from Estée Lauder. Estée Super Perfume, that fragrance known not only for its radiance but for its rather fabulous cling, has been translated into bath oil. Concentrated essence of Estée, suspended in skin-cosseting oils, is more than a bath-time friend. Its heady aura can remain faithful until the next big dip.

Outwitting *the fuzz*

Perhaps it should be verbally, if not contractually, understood that when a man stands, heart in hand, ready to share his life with you, this does not necessarily include his razor. Besides you don't really want it. The male razor is dandy for un-stubbling the flat surfaces of a man's face but is hardly relevant to dealing with the roundness of girlish underarms and legs. Well, Clairol's new Underarm Care System puts shaving into the pleasure echelon. The aptly named Kindness Underarm Shaver is a slender, cordless cylinder with stainless steel head, self-sharpening blades, and unique rotary action that whizzes around curves as effortlessly as the wind, leaving the skin hairless and serene. To work with it, Clairol has devised Kindness Conditioning Deodorant, which sprays on *before* shaving, mollifies the area to prevent nicks and stings, and makes the whole business even cushier.

Barefaced *in the parka*

While you're tucking the after-ski perfume and the sexy earrings in along with the racy downhill pants, it would be sharp thinking to pack some cozy insurance against rough and reddened frost-whipped skin. Which brings us smack to Bonne Bell's new Ski Skin Survival Kit, as inclusive a gathering of complexion protections as even an all-day skier could want. The cheerful-coloured kit holds Weatherproofer, a fabulous rejecter of windburn, sunburn, chapping, and drying, packaged in what appears to be a tiny shoe-polish tin; High Altitude Creme, maximum security against woolly weather or mountain-top temperatures; Snow Tan, the on-the-spot bronzer in contemporary gel form, with the extra benefit of built-in moisturizer; fond and famous Ten-O-Six medicated cleansing lotion, the kit version bottled in plastic; and, finally, Sure Tan, your sunscreening, moisturizing, greaseless cream to keep you on the golden standard.

COLORADO

(Continued from page 78)

Port, Wave Flights has the works for lessons in soaring.

Like a huge pink Queen Elizabeth II improbably docked in the green swell of Colorado Springs, The Broadmoor overflows with a grab bag of pleasures in one enormously satisfying package: swimming, tennis, curling, and ice skating, plus movies every night. A dash up Cheyenne Mountain is Winter House, all American West with glass walls opening to ski slopes forever winter-powdered by The Broadmoor's snow machine.

A flash for summer music, CENTRAL CITY, an hour's drive from Denver, has, in addition to its endearing old Opera House, the charming Victorian Teller House, where the Eureka Room, on the second floor, has good food and a splendid dinner view of old-timey Americana: barn dancers sashaying in a stable across the street, and ushers in Doc Holliday rigs parading to the Opera House before each evening's performance.

BLACK HAWK, an old mining town a bend down the road toward Denver, has, in addition to gold-rush architecture, the updated Black Forest Inn, where the mood is German, the delicacies venison and wild birds.

DURANGO, an hour's flight southwest from Denver on the spectacular Western Slope of the Rockies, is real Wild Western Americana. There, the old red-brick Strater Hotel revives rinky-dink piano in the bar and, during the summer, melodramas and music-hall turns in The Diamond Circle Theatre. From June to October, the last Cat Ballou single-gauge railroad, "The Silverton," pulls passengers through ravishing Las Animas Canyon to Silverton. At the Grand Imperial Hotel, miners' meals—lamb stew, beans, sourdough biscuits—are dished on tin plates.

In contrast to the 1882 train, the million-dollar-mile highway U.S. 550 cuts through mountains from Durango to Purgatory, a summer alpine wilderness,

(Continued on page 180)

VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

Smart thinking

It used to be that burning eyes meant you had been raggling around town too late, for too many nights, and you had better get a neat eight hours' sleep. Today, alas, you need hardly sidle out of your front door for the smarting and the stinging to begin, what with wind and smog and soot, to name a few. Neutrogena has just launched an anti-pollution drive with heavenly Smog Soothers, a set of six individually-packed eye masks, each presaturated with a blissful compound of lulling ingredients. Simply lie back with cool and clingy Smog Soothers and expect a happier outlook in about ten minutes.

Weather vain

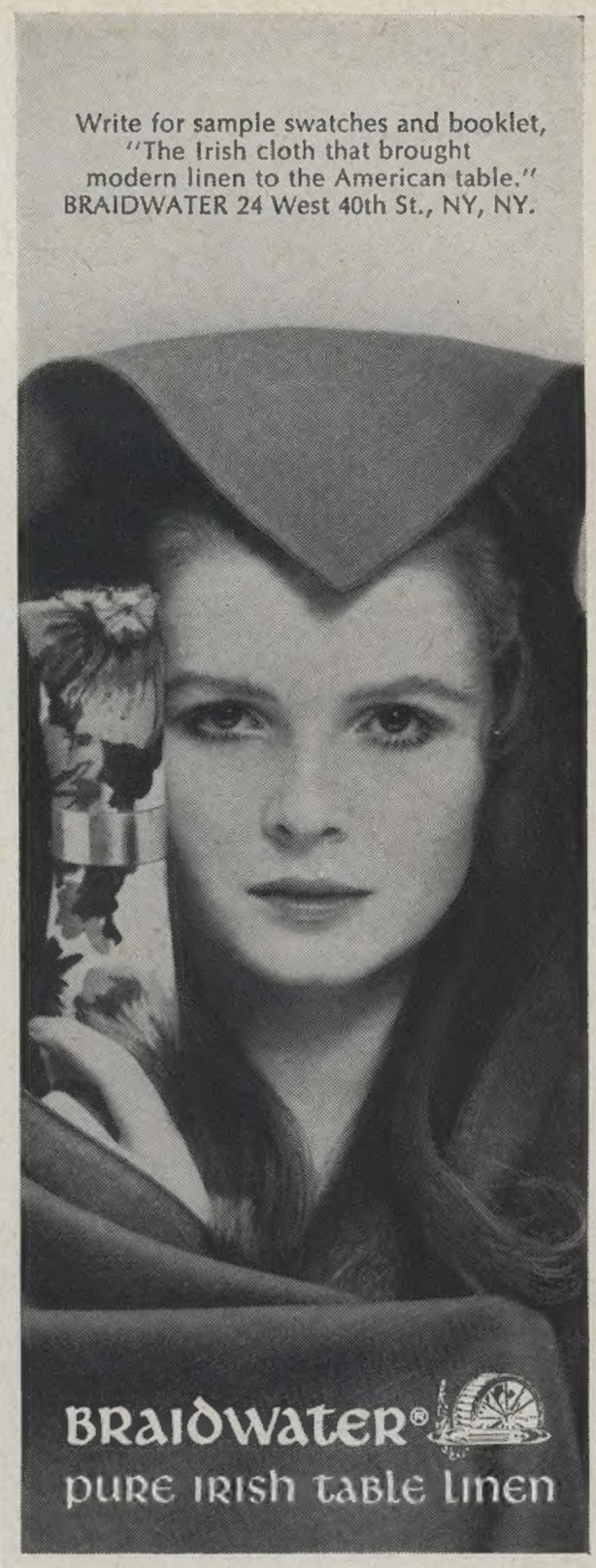
Unless you're planning to spend the winter snuggled up on a chaise longue, reading novels and nibbling bonbons, your fragile facial skin is going to need all the protection it can get from the icy gales that lurk on ski slopes and street corners. Coppertone's superb new Ski Cream looks like a cinch to keep your face moist and happy while the rest of you is scooting from one snowy peak to another. The extra-strength formula has been mountain-tested in all weather, and is thick with lanolin, cocoa butter, and something called homomenthyl salicylate, the better to screen out sun glare (while promoting a jazzy tan) as well as guard skin from cruel chapping and drying. Tidy plastic tube fits any pocket.

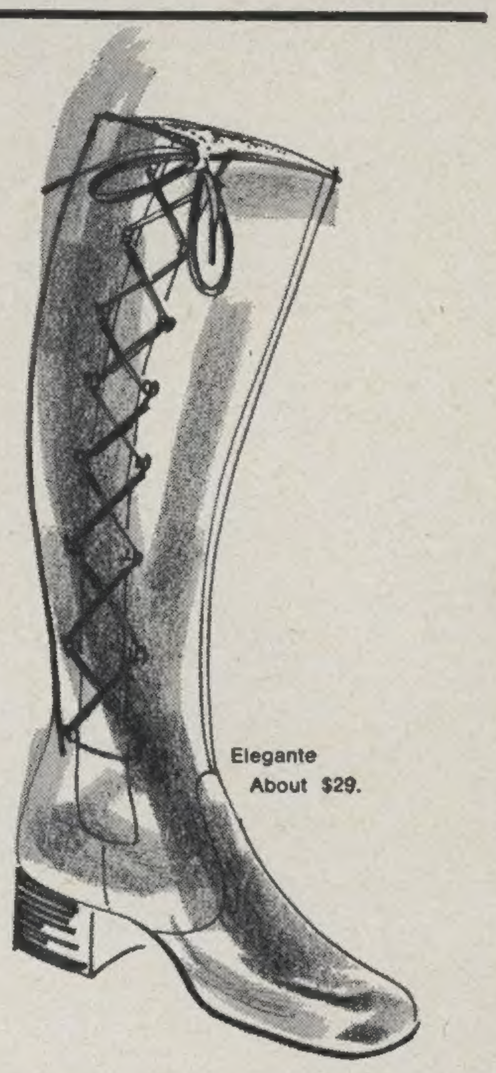
Shadow ball

There was always at least one birthday party in nursery days when the most soul-satisfying present was a box of finger paints. The utter, utter freedom of it. Any colour was yours to create. Yardley, doubtless with a more grown-up type of fiesta in mind, has whipped up a set of Finger Mix Eye Shadows which give you total inventiveness. Yardley Mixis come in plastic tubes, arranged in palette form, with a spatula and neat pan for easy blending. There are the three primary colours, plus Pearl White and Matte White.

Water on the troubled oil

The only bad thing about a good thing is that so often there is too much of it. The oil glands that supple the skin can get woefully out of hand and cause young skins to shine as if buttered. At Shulton, a new ally has shown its face—Cornsilk Oil-Free Tinted Foundation. Instead of being phased with both oil and water, this fine, translucent tint is balanced only with water. It covers your skin effortlessly and unemolliently—can be counted on to stay and stay.

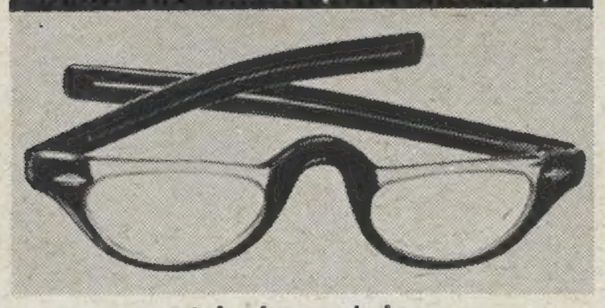




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B. Paid Circulation		
1. Sales through Dealers and Carriers, street vendors and Counter Sales	177,729	229,510
2. Mail Subscriptions	253,915	247,701
C. Total Paid Circulation	431,644	477,211
D. Free Distribution (including samples) by Mail, Carrier or other means	15,158	16,755
E. Total Distribution (Sum of C and D)	446,802	493,966
F. Office use, left-over, unaccounted, spoiled after printing	78,298	79,225
G. Total (Sum of E & F)	525,100	573,191

I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.
(Signed) Richard A. Shortway, Publisher.

VOGUE'S FASHIONS IN Travel

BY DESPINA MESSINESI

Jamaica: Port Antonio, "shiny places"

Locked in greenness on a peacock-blue sea, Port Antonio, on the northeast end of Jamaica, looks deceptively undeveloped. Comfortable cottage colonies and open-air private houses are built so intentionally low on sandy coves or on cliffs at the end of long driveways that they seem invisible on this, perhaps the most beautiful, stretch of the island.

Port Antonio, the small, quiet capital town of Portland Parish, looks like an old waterfront banana-town, and it still is an important port of call for freighters. Nothing stirs the town—no discothèques; cruising passengers on shore leave choose "to get lost." Indelibly Jamaican in Port Antonio: jelly-bean-coloured houses roofed in tin; palms and arcades shading sidewalks. De Montevin Lodge is the best restaurant for Jamaican specialties—pumpkin soup, baked lobster—prepared by Mrs. Gladys Mullings, owner-cook. Whirring ceiling fans cool the dining room of the old Jamaican house with a few scrubbed guest rooms.

The name Bonnie View fits the unpretentious hotel. From the terrace, guests drinking tea see the Blue Mountains and overlook the harbour sheltering the small, privately-owned Navy Island, now shaping up into a resort. The bait to convert visitors into settlers is a sample bungalow, round and thatched.

The shiny places to stay along the seashore begin about thirteen miles east of town. In geographical order, the first is Trident Villas, a rather new resort with two- and three-bedroom bungalows, a good candlelit restaurant where non-live-in guests like to eat. San San Estates is a complex of extravagantly-built houses embedded in greenery, some with the luxury of private coves. The unique Frenchman's Cove, a dozen-and-a-half cottages spread over a long, green finger of land pointing into the Caribbean, includes practically everything in one weekly, fat tab. But for this *prix fixe* guests can ask their butler (each cottage has one, plus maid and housekeeper) for Dom Perignon Champagne, Beluga caviar, a speedboat, or a grand piano—and get it.

Nothing disturbs the peace of the Blue Lagoon, not even water skiers streaking over this stunning saltwater cul-de-sac framed in green cliffs. At the new Dragon Bay colony, a two-mile driveway—torchlit at night—leads to a small village of two-storey pink and yellow bungalows spread along the white beach. Balconied, air-conditioned, each bungalow has a kitchen stocked for breakfast which a housekeeper-cook prepares. On top of a hill, the white, air-conditioned dining room—all windows, terraces, views—serves exceptional steaks, hard to find in the Caribbean.

FLYING JAMAICAN STYLE. Aboard Air Jamaica, for starters there are rum punches and calypso during takeoffs from New York; in first class, a bar with barman to mix drinks. A good buy from New York to Kingston is the $215 excursion roundtrip fare in first class—provided travellers fly midweek and stay not less than seven days and not more than twenty-one. The same deal in economy, $155. From Kingston, air taxis fly in twenty minutes to Port Antonio's Ken Jones airstrip on a banana plantation, a beautiful but sometimes bumpy ride over the Blue Mountains. Cost for three persons is $38. The two-hour drive along the coast road spells the Jamaican scene: dense green mountains lapped by sea; cliffs carved by surf; coves bleached by sun; and sugarcane growing tall in lazy winds.

COLORADO

(Continued from page 179)

a winter ski delight with the new and comfortable Purgatory Inn.

From Silverton to Lake City, rentable Jeeps scale the awesome ranges, climbing toward the Continental Divide, where Basque shepherds tend vast flocks of sheep and hunters bag bear and mountain lion. For ranching, the VC Lodge, above Lake City, packs all the pleasures of riding, fishing, and hunting, plus carpeted cabins and a landing strip for private planes. All through these Rockies, trailer and camping people have a wide-ranging choice: from Grand Mesa and the Black Canyon in the north, with rapids' shooting on the Gunnison River, to the Mesa Verde National Park in the south, with its unique cliff dwellings of the early Indians. For an all-season list of Colorado come-ons, write: State Division of Commerce and Development, 602 State Capitol Annex, Denver, Colorado, 80203.

Flying to Colorado ski country:
CONTINENTAL AIRLINES has the only flights nonstop to Colorado Springs from Los Angeles and Chicago; plus three-class flights (first, coach, and economy—less than coach but meal-less) to Denver from Houston, Chicago, and Los Angeles.
UNITED AIR LINES, in addition to its regular Denver flights, has new "snowbird" takeoffs every Saturday from New York, Chicago, and the West Coast to Grand Junction, where non-mountainous roads lead to Aspen and Vail, reached by bus or rentable cars.
TWA books a Vail ski package headed by former U.S. Olympic ski coach Bob Beattie that includes two-to-a-room for a week at Vail Manor, lift tickets, ground transport to and from Denver for $160 each until December 18, plus the cost of a TWA plane ticket to Denver from most major American cities.
Note: All three airlines provide ski boxes at check-in counters to hold skis and poles, and accept packed ski boots as luggage with no charge for overweight.

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